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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1896.

ILLITERATE IMMIGRATION.

THE discussion of the new Immigration bill has elicited some interesting facts in regard to the percentage of illiterates brought to these shores to be molded into American citizens. During a recent period the table of illiteracy percentages was as follows: Portugal, 67.35; Italy, 52.93; Galicia and Bukovina, 45.68; Poland, 39.82; Hungary, 37.69; Russia, 36.42; Austria proper, 32.70; Greece, 25.18; Roumania, 17.75; Belgium, 15.22; Spain, 8.71; Ireland, 7.27; Finland, 3.58; France, 3.50; England, 3.49; Netherlands, 3.38; Scotland, 2.83; Germany, 2.49; Norway, 1.02; Sweden, .74; Switzerland, .60, and Denmark, .49.

About fifty per cent of the present arrivals would be barred out if the qualifications in the new bill were insisted upon.

AN OLD JOKE STILL GOOD.

CONGRESSMAN DINGLEY of Maine, a thorough and conscientious representative of the prohibitionist principles of the Pine Tree State, was recently made a party to a practical application of the old-time joke about the conversation said to have occurred at some time between the respective Governors of the two Carolinas. An exciting debate was in progress in the House, which was started by Congressman Talbert of South Carolina and Pearson of North Carolina, in which several members participated without much apparent benefit, but at the expense of valuable time. Congressman Dingley offered a motion to adjourn just as a wag had made some comical allusion to the situation as recalling the old chestnut of what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina. Pausing to catch the reply, which he thought had some reference to the debate then going on, a chorus of voices answered: "It's a long time between drinks." Not knowing the application of the words, Congressman Dingley jumped to his feet and said: "Mr. Speaker, then I move that the House do now adjourn." The motion was put from the Chair and carried amid roars of laughter.

SOCIAL REFORM DETECTIVES.

THE Law and Order League of Jersey City ministers of the Gospel have adopted the methods which made the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst of this city so notorious, and have commissioned young men and boy members of the Epworth League and Christian Endeavor Societies to play detective, and when possible to buy and drink beer and whisky on Sundays in order to obtain evidence against saloon-keepers. The Rev. Dr. John L. Scudder, pastor of the Tabernacle, made a defense of this practice in his sermon on a recent Sunday evening, and practically avowed his belief in the doctrine that "the end justifies the means." It was a strange spectacle, this Christian minister putting behind him the prayer taught by our Divine Master, "lead us not into temptation," and ignoring the injunction that we must not do

evil that good may follow. With a slight change from Mme. Roland we may well exclaim: "Oh, Reform, how many crimes are committed in your name!"

CASSANDRA AGAIN.

THERE is something pathetic, if not patriotic, in the apparently fruitless yearning for a proper measure of "love and affection" toward "our Government" which finds marked expression in President Cleveland's recent veto of the River and Harbor bill. The "unhappy decadence among our people" of that genuine article, as evidenced by the people's representatives in Congress, furnishes the necessary inspiration for the warning against "the danger which confronts us as a nation." And these solemn words so solemnly uttered should not be lost on us.

It may be, however, that they will only have the effect of reminding us of previous Cassandra-like warnings against the perils supposed to threaten our free institutions, and it will probably occur to most of us that after all the American people are competent to take care of the national honor and the perpetuity of our country. Our sagacious and far-seeing President was of the same opinion in 1889 when he declared from the platform in this city that "ill-natured complaints of popular incompetency, and self-righteous assertions of superiority over the body of the people are impotent and useless." This is a good platform to stick to.

THOMAS BYRNES.

THE return of Police Superintendent Byrnes to active life is signalized by the commencement of a new form of insurance. Mr. Byrnes has virtually gone into partnership with the American Casualty and Surety people in a new department created for insurance against robbery. With the detective skill of ex-Superintendent Byrnes at the helm the insurance people feel safe in venturing upon this new ground and the public will doubtless find the arrangement a great convenience.

CUBAN BELLIGERENCY.

SENATOR MORGAN of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, in his desire to accord belligerent rights to Cuba, is inclined to attribute the irresolution and hesitancy prevailing in the Senate at the present moment to the implied influence of the Administration against the acknowledgment of a state of war in that unfortunate island.

He admits that there is a disposition among the majority of the Senate Committee to shift upon the President the responsibility of deciding what is best to do under the circumstances, but at the same time he is not by any means disposed that the Foreign Relations Committee should abdicate in favor of the supposed power or wishes of the President. We do not see why the Committee should, and we cannot reconcile this shifting of the responsibility on to the President with any other theory.

The concurrent resolutions passed in both Houses some weeks since involved no obligation on the Executive beyond accepting these resolutions as the expression of the wishes and opinions of the Senate and House of Representatives, which opinions, however, he evidently does not share. If Congress is dissatisfied with his action, the remedy is simple: viz., pass a joint resolution which would require action by the President, either favorable or otherwise. But until Senator Morgan and his colleagues secure the passage of such joint resolution it is mere child's play to try to place the onus on the President's shoulders and make him responsible for the failure of Congress to accord belligerent rights to the Cuban insurgents.

THE SITUATION IN CUBA.

SOME years ago the people of the United States, speaking through their accredited representatives in Congress, expressed their sympathy in no uncertain tones with the struggling patriots in Cuba and their desire that our Government should extend belligerent rights to them and acknowledge the existence of a state of war in that beautiful but unfortunate island. They have waited with more or less impatience for some evidence that President Cleveland attaches any importance to what may be considered a mere expression of public opinion, such as the concurrent resolutions in reality are.

Thus far, however, the people are being apparently ignored, if the President's reticence as to what course he will adopt be so construed; and the conviction is unavoidably forced on the community that he will give no sign until he is compelled to by the passage of a joint resolution which would have the effect of forcing him to take some decided action in one direction or another.

There is considerable speculation as to what course is open to the President at the present moment in the absence of a joint Congressional resolution. Left to his own resources, he may seek some means of having both Spain and Cuba submit the existing difficulty to arbitration, and in conformity with this line of action it is rumored that at the present moment he is considering a plan to be presented to the contesting parties and which, if accepted, would dispose of the grievances of which the Cubans complain and would relieve Spain of the heavy drain on her already crippled resources.

But we fear it is too late. It does not need a high order of intelligence to note the fact that as regards the retention of Spanish hold on Cuba "the handwriting is on the wall," and that the long struggle is nearing the end without the possibility of arbitration. Home rule, one of President Cleveland's pet panaceas for Cuban ills, and a general amnesty in return for the insurgents laying down their arms, would not be considered at this stage of proceedings by the Cubans who will have nothing short of independence. Every link in the iron chain which binds Cuba to Spain will have to be cut once and forever. Even if Spain were willing to listen to arbitration, she is too proud and haughty to take a single step without exacting as a prerequisite that the revolutionists lay down their arms—a condition which may be accepted as useless to propose. The Rubicon has been passed by the Cubans who have burned the bridges behind them, and their patriotic struggle for independence and unconditional liberty is, in prize-ring parlance, going to be "a fight to the finish."

The history of the Ten Years' War affords abundant justification for the Cuban determination in this direction. In 1878 Captain-General Martinez Campos, acting with full power, brought that protracted war to a close by means of a solemn agreement entered into with the Cubans that a large and satisfactory measure of autonomy would be granted the island and that certain specified reforms would be embodied in the articles of agreement. The compact, however, was never carried out; it proved to be another instance of

"The treaty broken e'er the ink
With which 'twas writ could dry."

It was the "last straw," and since that day Cuban faith in Spanish honor is dead beyond resurrection.

In the face of such a condition of things would it not be a useless waste of diplomacy to endeavor to effect a reconciliation on any other terms than the complete and absolute independence of the island? We believe so, and that anything less would not be listened to by the revolutionists. There would be no guarantee that the stipulations would be carried into effect, and should a guarantee be given by the United States to the Cubans its only value would be in the right of the United States Government to interpose if the terms were not fulfilled.

But of what use is the discussion of this question at the eleventh hour, as it were, when the struggle has reached a point from which the Cuban patriots will not recede? The death-knell of Spanish rule in Cuba has been sounded, and while it would now be useless to try intervention, we should at least take some step which would tend to bring the bloody and barbarous struggle to an end, or would deprive it of its savage character. The acknowledgment of belligerent rights to the patriots, the acknowledgment of a state of war on the island, would strengthen the hands of the Provisional Government, and, what is of even more importance, would stay the bloody hand of the butcher Weyler by securing to his prisoners the treatment accorded under the established usages of civilized warfare.

TIME TO THINK.

"No, sir," said the Thoughtful Man, "we cannot afford to get tired of discussing these great public questions. Not only is it necessary to keep up the discussion until these questions are settled right, but it is of vital importance to settle them, and not leave them open or unattended to. You see the distinction, do you not?"

Well, the Silver Question and the Tariff are two questions that will not down. Remember, by the way, there was a time, not long ago, when they both were at rest—silver running along decorously with gold, and the tariff building up monster factories, which one party pointed to with pride as home industries and the other stigmatized as monuments of a great national wrong under which the rich were growing richer and the poor poorer.

If existing legislation on these two subjects will stay, our people may accommodate themselves to the new conditions, the chief element of these conditions being the rule of low prices. But the primal and fundamental consideration comes back. Have these two very important questions been settled right? If not, existing legislation has not come to stay, and the sooner it is wiped out the better.

Two of the leading political facts of the present situation in politics have revived interest in the silver and the tariff. Democratic conventions all over the West and South have favored the free coinage of silver, and Major McKinley, who is a prospective candidate for the Presidency, is on record as taxing the Democracy with having finally demonetized the white metal. The other political fact is the historic speech of Hon. William L. Wilson at the banquet of the London Chamber of Commerce—which, though old, must not be forgotten. In it he assured the distinguished company that the fight in this country on the tariff has but just begun, and that the ultimate aim of the movement he represents is to open the markets of the world to American manufactures and commerce. The WEEKLY has maintained all along that the Wilson-Cleveland tariff, based on free raw material, is the new fiscal policy that the country may expect if these Democratic leaders carry out their plans and theories. The setback it received in the passage of the Gorman Compromise Tariff may be temporary or it may be permanent. Mr. Wilson said

the fight would be kept up. In the meantime it is well to keep in mind that the tariff question is still a very open question indeed.

Our readers will bear in mind also that this journal has studied Finance and Tariff as two subjects very closely connected with each other. The status of silver is still causing dissatisfaction. All the complaints made against the change in silver legislation and the change in tariff legislation are based upon the common theory that both changes are in the interest of Great Britain and against American interests. The extreme gravity of such a charge leaves no excuse for silence on the part of those whose first, last and all-the-time allegiance is here and not over there.

For the present this journal maintains that there is but one test whereby to try our present monetary and fiscal systems, and that is the test of facts and events. The Gorman Law is for the most part a protective tariff, with duties lowered and an enlarged free list as compared with the McKinley Law which it wiped out. An independent journal, dealing fairly with all political parties, the WEEKLY intends to keep track of results, and to interpret them in the light of the most generally accepted principles of political economy.

As heretofore pointed out in these columns, the issue is plain and simple. England has prospered under free trade and a sharply defined gold standard. Are we in a position to follow her example and attain prosperity, reach the world's markets and get together an enormous merchant marine, as she has done? Or, is England now, in her position of commercial supremacy, interested in the gold standard, benefited by free trade and the rule of low prices, while the United States has yet to go through the period of tariffs, subsidies and commercial reciprocity treaties—a period which England has already passed through on the way to her present supremacy?

JUDEX JUSTNOW.

LONDON'S AFFLICTION.

LONDONERS, it appears, are suffering from a similar affliction to that which furnished such abundance of material to our comic papers about a decade ago: viz., the rapacious plumber. To judge from the editorial wails that reach us from over the water he has come down like a wolf on the fold and the poor householder is shrinking within himself in fear and trembling. The plumber from all accounts, is master of the situation, and his rule is cruel and exacting. A correspondent of *London Truth* suggests that the registration of plumbers would provide a remedy and the editor, commenting on the suggestion says:

"The mere suggestion that such a thing is possible ought to raise the spirits of every householder. Should the Bill for the Registration of Plumbers become a law, says my correspondent, not only would the chances of an incompetent plumber entering a house become remote, but, in the event of any dispute over the bill on the ground that the work had been improperly done, the question would be referred to genuine experts in the shape of the Registration Committee, who, if they had to find a registered plumber guilty of bad workmanship, would promptly remove his name from the register. God speed the Plumber's Registration Bill!"

All of which goes to show that there is one more particular in which our transatlantic neighbors are a decade or so behind us. We in New York, and perhaps throughout the Union, long ago discovered and promptly applied this remedy.

CLOSE TO OKLAHOMA.

The people of Poland once upon a time, when Poland was Poland, chased a youthful candidate of their choice to make him their King. A New York policeman—many years ago, it is said—had to arrest a bibulous stranger, to make him take his own heavily laden pocketbook that he had dropped. In fact, many instances might be cited of people running away from that for which people are usually supposed to exert themselves and go out of their way to possess.

I am thinking about the case of Fast Thunder and Susie Red Horse. At the time the incident opens Red Horse is dead and Susie is his tearful, vengeance-breathing, on-the-warpath, out-for-gore widow, with her hair cut short. When the incident closes—but we shall see.

Fast Thunder trained with a fast gang of Sioux on the reservation near Rosebud, S. Dak. One of the gayest of the gang was Plenty Bird, and with him, through the same curriculum, Fast Thunder had been educated at the Carlisle School in Pennsylvania, where these Red Men seem to have got the impression that they had divine authority to kill the old chief Red Horse. They killed him, at all events, and there was a sensation. They were arrested and released on bail.

Susie cut off her hair, took a knife in one hand and a rifle in the other, gave away all her property and started on the trail of the two assassins. She had a record, was forty-four years old only, and a fearless fighter. Fast Thunder and Plenty Bird made themselves scarce. The Indian police started on the trail of the widow, who soon struck a clew. The police overtook her and took away her weapons.

In a few days an "atonement feast" was arranged. The friends of Plenty Bird and Fast Thunder offered Susie presents; and as old Chief Red Horse would be apt to die sometime, she accepted them and agreed to

let the law take its course. Whether Susie lived up to this agreement or not, I leave the discriminating reader to decide.

Susie met Fast Thunder, looked him over, imagined the gay young fellow with a rope around his neck, thought the rope premature, reflected that the old chief would stay dead anyhow—and a great sadness-current swept along her heartstrings. She was lonely without Red Horse. The old fellow, though not over-gay, had been good to her. Well, poor old Red Horse! Too bad! But, then, nobody on the reservation could hurt him now. Nor help him.

Fast Thunder would soon be where Red Horse is now, in the Happy Hunting Ground, if the law should take its course. Would they go gunning for each other there? Susie Red Horse concluded she had a mission in the premises. Fast Thunder offered to cheer her loneliness and be good to her, as Red Horse had been. They were married, and of course Susie could not appear against Fast Thunder at the trial.

This is Indian diplomacy, and has a bloody tinge; but then the Red Man is not supposed to understand the methods adopted by so many white people this summer in Oklahoma and elsewhere, to rid themselves of uncongenial husbands and wives. These devices have their full share of shamelessness and disgraceful disregard for the opinion of the world; and they lack simply the element of danger—for, in these quick and easy arrangements, even the destroyer of the Home is seldom hurt.

LYNN.

SILVER IN WALL STREET.

THERE was unusual activity in silver speculation June 3 in Wall Street. Trading in silver certificates in the Stock Exchange was one of the features of the day, and the price advanced from 69 to 69½. At the close of business in the Exchange 69 was bid and 69½ was asked. The aggregate sales for the day were one hundred and forty thousand ounces, which is the highest record for more than a year. Clark, Dodge & Co. were large sellers, and Zimmerman & Co. were the principal buyers.

There are now on deposit in the Mercantile Trust Company only forty-two thousand ounces of silver which represent outstanding certificates. Deliveries on sales will consequently be principally of the actual metal, unless there should be additional deposits of silver with the trust company in exchange for certificates.

The activity in silver just now is attributable to a variety of causes, partly political and partly commercial. There is a steadily increasing demand for American silver in France and Spain. The French mints have the reputation of coining gold and silver at less cost than any other mints in the world. Large shipments of silver to France are now being made to enable the mints to fulfill a contract with Russia to coin twenty-five million roubles.

Spain is using a great deal of silver just now in the production of subsidiary coin for use in paying its army in Cuba.

THE RIVER AND HARBOR VETO.

SENATOR VILAS of Wisconsin during the debate on the River and Harbor veto June 3 said that although the State of Wisconsin had been liberally treated in the bill, he could not bring himself to face the conviction that, under present circumstances, the large appropriations in it ought to be super-added to the weight of obligations already imposed on the distressed shoulders of the people.

Where, Mr. Vilas asked, was the money to come from? He knew that it had been said, in the Senate and in the House, somewhat recklessly, that there was money in the Treasury. But that money, he said, was borrowed for the purpose only of maintaining the credit of the United States. As to Mr. Sherman's suggestion that the matter was within the discretion of executive officers, Mr. Vilas asked whether the Secretary of the Treasury could exercise the discretion of discharging appropriations made in the River and Harbor bill and of leaving undischarged those made in the Legislative Appropriation bill.

In conclusion he said: "We are going on too recklessly; and it is for that reason that I cannot bring myself to support this measure, which will impose such great additional burdens on the people of this country at a time when a period of distress has left them less capable than at other times to sustain them."

Senator Hill upheld the veto power against the criticism upon it, and reminded the Democratic side of the chamber that President Jackson had inaugurated the vetoing of the River and Harbor bills, having in 1832 returned to Congress one with his objections.

The last veto of a River and Harbor bill, Mr. Hill said, was by President Arthur in 1882. That bill appropriated over eighteen million dollars, and Mr. Arthur's principal objection to it was that it contained appropriations for purposes that were not for the common defense or general welfare, or that it did not promote commerce among the States. That veto was overruled in the House of Representatives by a vote of 122 to 59 and in the Senate by a vote of 41 to 16. The veto now under consideration, Mr. Hill said, was based on the grounds of expediency, laying stress on the enormous

amounts to be expended now and in the immediate future.

After a painstaking consideration of the whole measure—more careful and extensive than most Senators could have given to it—the President refused to approve the bill, and he (Mr. Hill) thought that the President's action should be sustained rather than overruled. As one who had voted against the bill on its original passage, the message had confirmed his belief in its undesirability as a whole. He regretted that the Constitution did not give the President power to veto particular items in the bill. Such a power had existed for many years in New York and many other States, and there was no disposition there to abandon it. He introduced a joint resolution, proposing an amendment to the Constitution giving the President the power to veto items in an appropriation bill. It was read and laid on the table.

IS IT A PRETEXT?

It amuses the *Saturday Review* to find the *Methodist Times*, the organ of a considerable portion of the Nonconformist element of the British public, chronicling the death of Gladstonian Home Rule. "The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, it seems, and his compeers," says the *Review*, "are unable to stomach the vote given by the Irish in favor of Denominational Education, and accordingly they have given up Home Rule once for all. That is the pretext; but that it is only a pretext is manifest from the fact that these conscience-stricken Methodists have all along known that the Irish would vote for Denominational Education; and if the Methodists now desert the Home Rule camp it is simply because they have come to the conclusion that 'Gladstonian Home Rule' without Mr. Gladstone stands no chance of success. But why cannot they be honest and admit this? Surely low motives are better than lying pretexts; or are we to believe that hypocrisy forms a part of the Nonconformist conscience?"

IS THIS TRUE?

THERE is a new chance for record-breaking in yacht races if the statement made by an Italian sea captain proves true. He asserts that sails perforated with holes enable a ship to move faster than when the canvas presents a solid surface to the wind, and claims to have proved his paradoxical statement by experiments. His table of record is as follows: In a light wind a boat with ordinary sails made four knots, but when they were perforated five and a quarter knots were made. In a strong wind eight knots were made with the regular sail and ten with the perforated one. The idea is that with an ordinary sail the resistance created by the air which fills the hollow acts as a drag upon the actual force of the wind. If the theory has a reasonable basis yacht clubs cannot be any too quick in getting to work upon it.

A RELIEF FOR THE SOUTHWEST.

GENERAL WREATON at Denver was notified June 2 that Massia, the renegade Apache chief, had been slain in Southern Arizona by Indian scouts. Massia killed three scouts before he gave up the ghost.

The passing of Massia will be heard with delight by all of the inhabitants of Southern Arizona and New Mexico, for he was a red-handed murderer, treacherous, and powerful with the disorderly element of the San Carlos redskins. He was one of Geronimo's braves, and succeeded to that old chief's authority among the renegades. Massia's specialty was attacking remote ranches, slaughtering the white men and women, and driving cattle over the Mexican border.

THE MULE AND THE WHEEL.

THE *Buffalo Times* says 'the Buffalo Division of the Erie Canal is in bad shape, and boats are aground daily. The water in many places is only five feet deep, whereas the law calls for seven feet. At other places large rocks obstruct the passage, and at still others the bottom is full of stumps with which the boats collide during low water. In fact, boatmen say the canal is in poor condition all the way to Albany. Another trouble the boatmen complain of is that they are bothered by bicyclists. Captain McCormick claims that they frighten the mules, and that at least one team has been drowned by reason of this. He believes that wheelmen should be excluded from the towpath, and its use confined to canal business.

DEMONOLOGY IN JOURNALISM.

THE "Demons of the Press" is the title bestowed on newspaper men collectively by the Committee on Publication of the Southern Presbyterian General Assembly—presumably after studying some of the caricatures of "Hogan's Alley" in the *New York Sunday World*. Unjust though it be to the respectable members of the press, the judgment is excusable in view of the evidence of the depth of degradation possible to be reached as afforded by the journal in question.

BEHRING SEA TREATY RATIFIED.

A CABLEGRAM to Washington from Ambassador Bayard informed Secretary Olney that ratifications of the Behring Sea claims treaty had been exchanged June 3. The treaty will not be made public in this country until its promulgation in London, as it is desired to have it appear simultaneously in Great Britain and the United States.

PEACE IN EUROPE.

In the course of the debate in the Budget Committee of the Reichstag June 3 on the law relating to the peace effective of the army, General Bronsart von Schellendorf, Minister of War, declared that there was no need of clanking the saber, as peace appeared to be assured for a long time to come. So long as European statesmen continue to say this, the prospect for a general war is just where it was before.

The London *Globe*, however, publishes a dispatch from Shanghai, which says that since the return of the Viceroy Liu Kun Yih to Nankin the German officers who were loaned to China by Germany to drill the Chinese troops have been repeatedly insulted, hope being entertained that they would resent the insults by resigning. This practice not having the desired result, the Chinese have resorted to violence, ending in the murder of a German officer named Krause by the Hunan bodyguard of the Viceroy, and the German squadron has been ordered to proceed to Nankin forthwith.

It is believed, the dispatch says, that all of the German officers in the Chinese service will resign.

The dispatch to the *Globe* also says the rebels in the Province of Kansuh, the most northwesterly province of China, have defeated the Chinese army commanded by General Tung, with great slaughter. At this rate the Mongolian may assume his ancient role of warrior, and furnish the war that Europe shies at.

TELEPHONE PATENTS IN CONGRESS.

The Senate Committee on Patents, by a vote of 4 to 3, has made a favorable report on the bill for the relief of Daniel Drawbaugh. The vote was as follows: For the bill—Messrs. Pritchard, Call, Mills and Berry; against the bill—Messrs. Platt, Clark and Wetmore. This bill has an important bearing on the Bell telephone patent. It directs the Commissioner of Patents to issue to Daniel Drawbaugh a patent or patents for the inventions of improvements in telephony described and claimed in pending applications filed by Drawbaugh in the Patent Office at various times from 1880 until 1884, notwithstanding that said inventions may have been in use or on sale for more than two years prior to the date of the filing of Drawbaugh's original application of July 26, 1880.

These patents, when issued, are to have the same effect as though no delay had occurred in presenting or prosecution therefor, and each patent when so issued is



THE ADVANCE TOWARD DONGOLA: ATTACK ON THE DERVISHES NEAR AKASHEH ON MAY 1.

Three squadrons of cavalry, supported by a Soudanese battalion, the whole force being under the command of Major Burn-Murdoch, came into collision four miles east of Akasheh with a force of two hundred Dervish horsemen and one thousand footmen. There was a sharp skirmish, but the Dervishes were defeated with considerable loss.

to be good in law to secure to the owner the sole right during its term to the exclusive use, make and sale of such patented invention. A proviso gives all persons having apparatus containing any of these inventions in use at the time of issuing such patent the right to continue the use of such apparatus without charge or molestation, and no one is to be liable to Mr. Draw-

baugh for any manufacture, use or sale of Drawbaugh's inventions occurring prior to the issuance of the patent or patents authorized in the bill favorably reported.

J. R. Bartlett, president of the Drawbaugh Telephone and Telegraph Company, said regarding the favorable report of the Senate Committee on Patents on the Drawbaugh bill: "It will permit the issue to Drawbaugh of fundamental patents for the microphone, thereby transferring the control of the long-distance telephone from the Bell Company, under the Berliner patent, to the Drawbaugh Company. Drawbaugh's priority in the invention of the telephone has long been known and abundantly established, and the Government has a second suit pending against the Bell Company, in which this priority has been plainly demonstrated.

"Drawbaugh has been prevented from obtaining these fundamental patents only by a slight technicality, which was set up against him through the influence of the Bell Company, and it is to relieve Drawbaugh of this technicality that the present bill has been introduced. Opposition was made before the Senate Committee on Patents by the counsel of the Bell Company, and an exhaustive argument was presented to show that Drawbaugh was not entitled to any consideration, but the merits of his claims were so apparent that the Patent Committee reported the bill favorably."

A CUBAN RESOLUTION.

The following is the text of the resolution introduced in the Senate by Mr. Morgan:

"Resolved, That the Senate, being informed by common rumor and by testimony taken by the Committee on Foreign Relations, that a vessel of the United States called the 'Competitor' has been captured by a Spanish ship of war, and that one or more citizens of the United States were captured on board of said vessel, and have been tried and condemned to death by a military tribunal in Cuba, and are now in prison at Havana awaiting the execution of the sentence, and the Senate having instructed said committee to inquire into and make report respecting the rights of said citizens under the treaties existing between the United States and Spain, and under the laws of nations, the President is requested, in conformity with Section 2,001 of the Revised Statutes, to inform the Senate whether any such capture has been made by a Spanish warship, and whether any citizen of the United States has been captured on or near such vessel and has been unjustly deprived of his liberty by or under the authority of the Government of Spain, and whether the President forthwith demanded of Spain the reasons for such imprisonment, and if such imprisonment is unlawful, and if such sentence to death violates the laws of nations or the treaties with Spain, whether the President has demanded the release of such citizens, and that the President communicate to the Senate all the facts and proceedings relative to such capture, sentence and imprisonment of such citizens as soon as practicable in accordance with the statute in such cases made and provided as follows:

"Section 2,000. All naturalized citizens of the United States while in foreign countries are entitled to and shall receive from the Government the same protection of persons and property which is accorded to native-born citizens.

"Section 2,001. Whenever it is made known to the President that any citizen of the United States has been unjustly deprived of his liberty by or under the authority of any foreign Government, it shall be the duty of the President forthwith to demand of that Government the reasons for such imprisonment, and if it appears to be wrongful and in violation of the rights of American citizenship the President shall forthwith demand the release of such citizen, and, if the release so demanded is unreasonably delayed or refused, the President shall use such means not amounting to acts of war as he may think necessary and proper to obtain or effectuate the release, and all the facts and proceedings relative thereto shall, as soon as practicable, be communicated by the President to Congress."

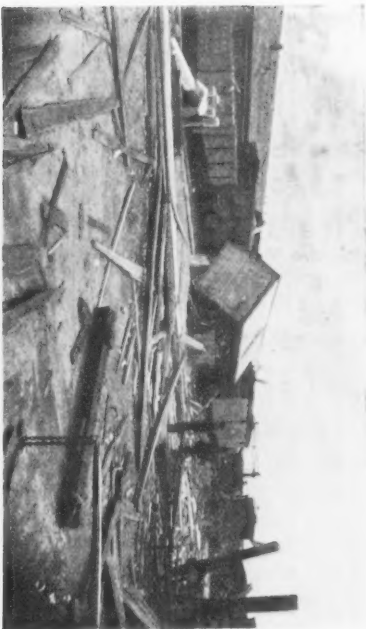
The resolution was laid on the table.



SOME RUSSIAN TYPES.



RESIDENCE ON LAFFAYETTE AVE.



EAST ST. LOUIS R. R. TRENCHES



RESIDENCE OF DR. STARKLOFF



EAST ST. LOUIS LEVEE



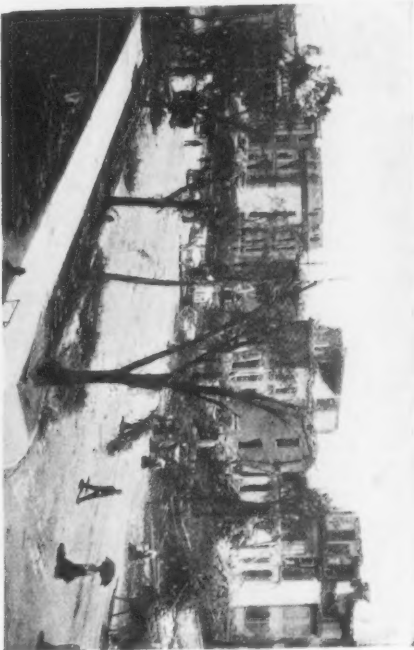
SCENE ON JEFFERSON AVE.



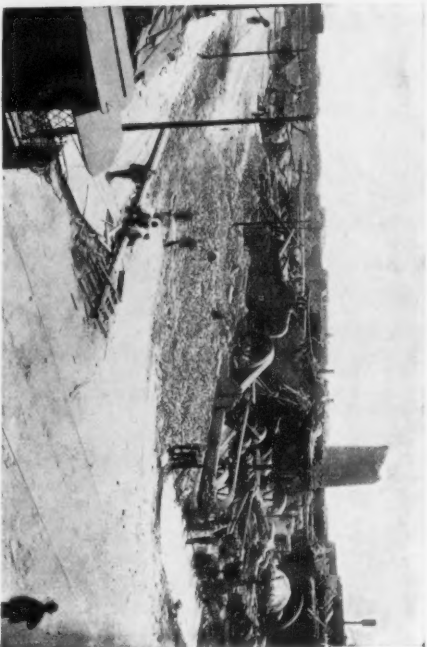
ANCHORS HALL



EADS BRIDGE



LAFFAYETTE AVE.



UNION DEPOT R. R. CO'S POWER HOUSE

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AFTER THE CYCLONE IN ST. LOUIS.



Prof. X. The local newspaper sends a representative to interview him.



Prof. X. at home.



And now we return to the story, left off last week.

AN INTERRUPTED INTERVIEW

THE VICTORY OF THE WHEEL.

BY S. A. D. COX.

"No, sir—no much! Don't say another word to me, sir! It is useless. No man who thinks so little of himself as to ride a bicycle, and go tearing around on the streets, humped over like a monkey on a stick, can have my Nell. You hear, young man? No cranky bicyclist will ever be son-in-law to Judge Hiram Scoville. That settles it! You needn't linger around here any longer, sir. You might as well climb right on to that sawed-off thing you call a bicycle, and go. When Nell marries, it'll be a man, not a monkey!"

Harry Somers, the handsome young bicyclist, flushed, but did not allow himself to become angry.

"I came to ask you for Nellie's hand, sir; not to be insulted," he said, with grave dignity. "I hope to prove to you, some day, that I am a man, and not a monkey—a term, by the way, that no one other than an old man, and the father of Nellie, would dare apply to me. Good-day, sir!" and, turning, the young man made his way down the walk, out at the gate, and mounting his wheel, went dashing down the street, countryward, at a terrific rate of speed.

"The young scoundrel! I'll have him arrested for riding faster than the eight-mile-an-hour limit!" muttered the Judge.

"Oh, no, you won't, papa!" cried a sweet, girlish voice, and two beautiful white arms encircled the Judge's neck in an energetic hug. "What makes you so out of humor, to-day, papa mine? What has Harry done to merit your anger?"

"What has he done?—why, had the impudence to ask me for your hand in marriage! Isn't that enough to make me angry?"

"I don't think so, papa," the girl said. "I consider it an honor to be loved by Harry Somers."

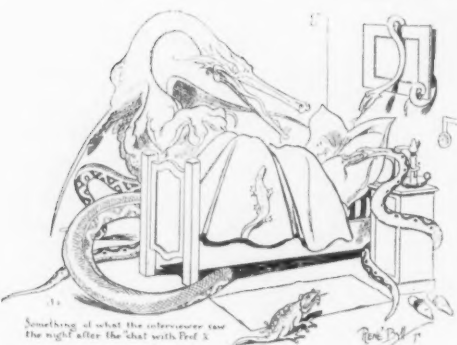
"An honor—bah! He's an impertinent young dog to think of such a thing!"



"Great Scott!"



The interviewer overcame.



Something of what the interviewer saw the night after the chat with Prof. X.

The girl flushed, and then drew back. "Papa," she said, with a grave seriousness unusual to her sunny disposition, "I love Harry Somers, and you have hurt me more than you can ever know by treating him so badly."

"Bosh!" scoffed the Judge. "A mere passing fancy; you'll soon forget him."

Nellie Scoville smiled sadly.

"Never, papa," she said.

"Well, I can't and won't have a humped-up bicyclist for a son-in-law!" declared the Judge, almost gruffly.

"That settles it!"

"We won't discuss the matter further, papa," quietly.

"Ah, here is the phaeton. You know you promised to go driving with me this morning."

"So I did. Well, I'm ready," and the Judge assisted his daughter into the phaeton, glad, evidently, of something to put a stop to an unpleasant conversation.

Climbing to a seat beside his daughter, the Judge took the lines and drove down the winding driveway to the street.

"Which way?" he asked.

"To the right," replied Nellie. "Let's go up into the mountains. I want to get some wildflowers. Katie Lothrop says she saw some beautiful flowers up near Castle Rock yesterday."

Castle Rock was near the summit of the Alleghany Mountains in Pennsylvania, and was several miles from Barstow, the young city of which Judge Scoville was the magnate and ruling spirit.

The Judge was a good driver, and they reached the summit in less than an hour.

Beautiful wildflowers grew on every hand, and Nellie was in her glory. She gathered several large bunches of different varieties and deposited them in the phaeton.

With knitted brow and a fierce frown upon his handsome face, Harry Somers sat upon a stone beside the road near Castle Rock. The young man's wheel leaned against a rock near by.

Harry was thinking of the reception he had met with at Judge Scoville's. That his thoughts were anything but pleasant was evidenced by the frown on his face.

Suddenly he was startled by a shrill, feminine scream, followed by the clatter of horses' hoofs and the rattle of rapidly whirling wheels.

The next instant two large bay horses, attached to a phaeton, dashed around a bend in the road. That they were running away was evident, for the lines were trailing on the ground at one side.

But this was not the worst of it. Crouched down in the bottom of the phaeton was a beautiful young girl, no other than Nellie Scoville, for this was the Judge's team and phaeton. The horses had become frightened, just as the Judge was helping Nellie into the phaeton to return to their home, and had dashed away, leaving the Judge standing beside the road in an almost dazed condition.

A cry of horror escaped Harry Somers's lips as he recognized Nellie, and he leaped to his feet as quickly as possible, with the intention of attempting to stop the runaways. Quick as he was, he was too late. The horses dashed past before he could get to them.

Nellie saw her lover, however, and she stretched out her arms toward him.

"Save me, Harry! Oh, save me!" she cried, and then was gone, the phaeton being whirled around another bend.

Like lightning the thought came to Harry: "My wheel! Perhaps I may save her yet!"

In an instant he had his wheel, was in the saddle and away after the swiftly flying thoroughbreds.

Harry set his teeth hard, bent to his work and pedaled as he had never done before. The road, like all mountain roads, wound round and about, in and out, up and down; but in this instance it was fairly level for several miles, when it started on a long descent into another town fifteen miles distant. Half a mile beyond where the descent commenced was a sudden, abrupt turn in the road, where it rounded an outjutting spur of the mountain. At this point, at one side, was a precipice three hundred feet in height. The turn of the road was so short that it could only be made by vehicles when going slow. At the speed the runaway team was going it would be impossible to round it. Unless Harry could overtake the flying brutes before they reached this point Nellie, his loved one, would be hurled to a horrible death on the rocks at the bottom of the abyss!

Harry realized this, and the cold perspiration stood out on his forehead as he bent to his work and pedaled with a vigor born of desperation.

This was a road race with a life as a time prize, and never was such time made in road race as Harry Somers was now making. Like a hurricane he went rushing down the slopes, and like a rocket he would shoot up the inclines and over their crests. Now the phaeton, with its beautiful, terrified occupant, would be on the slope right in front of him, and then over the brow of the incline and out of sight again.

It was a great race—a terrible race!

But Harry was gaining! He soon became aware of this fact, and the knowledge lent him strength.

But could he overtake the runaways before the precipice was reached?

This was a question that could not be answered—then.

He would overtake them, or kill himself in the effort. Suddenly Harry noticed, with joy, that he was gaining more rapidly. The horses were becoming winded, not being used to such exertion.

This gave the wheelman renewed strength, and he pedaled faster than ever.

Nearer and nearer he drew, and when the beginning of the descent was reached Harry was only a few yards behind. The slope aided the bicyclist more than the horses, and Harry's wheel shot ahead with such increased speed that the phaeton was overtaken before he was aware of it, and the front wheel of the cycle striking the axle of the phaeton, the wheel went down quick as lightning! As luck would have it, however, Harry was thrown against the phaeton, and, grasping the seat, he pulled himself to a place in the vehicle. Stopping only to reassure the trembling girl in the bottom of the phaeton with the words, "Fear not, I will save you," Harry climbed out on to the tongue, caught hold of the checkreins, and then, putting his strength to the task, gradually stopped the runaways—bringing them to a halt, finally, at the turn in the road, and right on the very verge of the precipice!

Nellie was saved! and through the medium of that most despised of all material things—according to Judge Scoville's way of thinking—a bicycle.

He doesn't think so now, however. Five years have passed, and the Judge is an enthusiastic wheelman himself. Mounted upon the wheel that Harry rode when he saved Nellie's life, the Judge is often seen riding down the street, his four-year-old grandson snugly ensconced in the child's seat between the handle-bars. At such times, if the Judge isn't the happiest mortal alive, the delighted grin on his florid face betrays his feelings greatly.

In being the means of saving the life of the Judge's daughter and winning a wife for the handsome young wheelman, Harry Somers, taken together with the conversion of the Judge himself to the most popular and pleasant sport and recreation known to the world to-day—cycling—the "Victory of the Wheel" may be said to have been most complete.

MORE OF THE ROENTGEN RAYS.

A correspondent of *Nature* reports some recent advances in cathodography. He says: "I have been pursuing the study of the photography of the soft tissues in the living adult subject, and making attempts to see shadows of them on the fluorescent screen. In a previous communication I was able to state that I had accomplished these in the region of the neck, the tongue, hyoid bone, larynx, etc. Proceeding downward, I have now photographed and seen shadows of the cardiac area. In the photograph the diaphragm is clearly indicated below; the pyriform shape of the cardiac area is well made out, the base downward, the apex upward, and the right and left orders show the relationship to the spine and ribs."

THE HISTORY OF THE HORN-BOOK.

In these days, when education is compulsory and also free, when books for teaching children to read are so numerous and so admirably compiled, we are apt to forget that there were times, not very long ago, when books were scarce and children's primers did not exist. How were children in those times taught the alphabet? It is doubtful whether one man in ten could answer the question. The tenth might have heard of the horn-book, but would have some difficulty in saying what the horn-book was. This once common and only means of instructing children has become so scarce as to be almost obsolete. At the Caxton Exhibition in London in 1877 there were four horn-books, and at the Loan Exhibition of the Horners' Company, held in the same city in 1882, when special efforts were made to bring together as many horn-books as possible, the total number shown was eight. Something like a hundred and fifty are known to exist.

"When papyrus was superseded by parchment and vellum," says Andrew Tuer in a recent work on this subject, "but in days far behind the invention of paper and printing, the horn-book was the happy thought of an overtaxed scribe, who, heartily detesting the profitless labor of rewriting the A B C, fastened the skin to a slab of wood and covered it with horn. For in those days, as in these, children were prone to destruction, and, without taking into account the innocent mischief resulting from damp and grubby paws, they doubtless turned their master's careful handiwork into boats, or sent it skyward, trailing behind their kites."

The earliest record that Mr. Tuer has found of a real horn-book is 1450. At that time horn-books were printed in black letter, but when Roman was introduced in 1467 the clearness of the latter soon drove its elder brother out of the field.

The earliest horn-books or tablets—in some the letters were incised on the wood, in others they were written—contained nothing but the alphabet. Devotional booklets for children, opening with the A B C, followed, and the alphabet horn-book and the little A B C book of prayer ran side by side. Then the horn-book itself assumed the devotional form it has since retained, the earliest examples (in Latin) emanating from the Romish Church. About the time of the Reformation we get the horn-book—of which there were many varieties—in the English form.

Later on there were horn-books for teaching writing which were distinct from those for teaching reading, and served the purpose now fulfilled by the headlines of copy-books. Horn-books finally went out of use about the beginning of this century. In this connection, and as showing how rare the horn-books had become, there is an interesting remark by William Hone, several of whose notes have never before been printed, and are quoted by Mr. Tuer:

"A large wholesale dealer in stationery and school requisites recollects the last order he received for horn-books came from the country about the year 1799. From that time the demand wholly ceased; twenty years afterward, in clearing out his warehouse, a gross or two were found and destroyed as useless. In the course of sixty years he and his predecessor in business had executed orders for several millions of horn-books. What would that 'gross or two' be worth now?"

In the British Museum there are but three complete horn-books, one of which is not genuine. In South Kensington there are eleven. The Bodleian Library can boast of three. The best talked-of horn-book is that until lately in the Bateman Museum, Youlgrave, Derbyshire. When the Bateman heirlooms were sold it

shire—which he most obligingly forwarded to me for inspection. A written memorandum is on the handle: 'This horn-book was found on the 10th March, 1828; measures three and three-quarter inches high by two inches and seven-eighths in width, exclusive of its handle, which is an inch long.' The alphabet is preceded by the Cross. The contents of the page . . . are printed in black letter. The wood, except the handle part, is wholly covered with roan or sheep leather, originally perhaps of a red color, but now faded. The back is stamped with a figure of Charles I., bareheaded and in armor, on horseback, with a single line border; at the top corner, and facing the King there is a celestial crown issuing from a cloud above his head; and in the other corner, behind the cloud, an angel's face and wings; under the crown are the letters C.R., below, between the feet of the horse, T.H. The ornament was impressed upon the leather with a tool that indented into every line some metallic pigment which has since oxidized to a dull leaden color. That the page of a horn-book in the reign of Charles I. should be printed in black letter may seem remarkable to persons who do not know that black letter contents type lingered in use for some editions of old school books as late as the reign of . . . [The name is wanting.]

Most horn-books appear to have been made with a back of wood, and to have been oblong in shape with a handle. The printed paper or parchment was glued to the wooden back, and then a sheet of transparent horn was fixed to it by means of thin strips of brass, nailed to the wood so as to form a kind of frame to the horn. The wood at the back was often covered with leather—as in the case of the Bateman horn-book—stamped with a device, the effigy of a king, or St. George and the Dragon, or some other design. The printed matter consisted for the most part of the alphabet and the Lord's Prayer, and sometimes the nine numerals were added. Henry Peacham, who lived in the time of Charles II., and published many books, says in his "Worth a Penny" that a horn-book, "the making of which employeth above thirty trades," can be bought for a penny. He does not tell us what the trades were, but Mr. Tuer enumerates them as follows:

"Timber merchant, carpenter, horn merchant, ink-ball maker, tanner, skin merchant, hornier, metal merchant, metal beater, smelter, ironmaster, tack maker, punch cutter, type founder, type setter, press maker, press puller, ink maker, leather dresser, leather dyer, paper maker, paper stainer, paper embosser, color maker, glue maker, stamp designer, stamp engraver, stamper, gold leaf maker, silver foil maker."

The scarcest kind of horn-book is cruciform. It is only an expert who can decide on the question whether a horn-book is genuine. A large number of spurious specimens exist, having been made, no doubt, to satisfy the cravings of collectors and gratify the greed for gain of unscrupulous dealers. There are, however, a few horn-books with pedigrees that are undoubted. One in possession of Lord Egerton of Tatton is said to have been presented to an ancestor by Queen Elizabeth, and there does not seem to be sufficient reason to doubt its history. Another, in possession of Dr. Horace Jefferson, belonged to William IV., who, it is stated, gave it to a former owner and told her that his grandfather had learned his letters from it. A third horn-book with a pedigree, or rather a bit of one, is owned by Dr. T. G. Wright, whose mother received it from a friend with the following doggerel lines:

"Madam, a man of my acquaintance
Was lately talking of the entrance
Into all learning and the rules
Now used in our modern schools.
Says he, 'I think in future ages
A horn-book will be to the sages
A curious thing to look upon;
I wish that you could get me one.'
I set about his will to do,
And fortunately I've got two,
The one of which I send to you,
Already obsolete they've grown.
Then fifty years hence, when they're shown,
What will the learned in that day
About the horn-books, madam, say?
When they're as rarely to be seen
As farthings coin by Anne our Queen;
So horn-books place in your Museum
That those who're yet unborn may see 'em.
Your indefatigably, H. M.
Stockton-on-Tees, 10th August, 1809."

The first letter of the alphabet in the horn-book was almost invariably preceded by a cross—Christ's cross, Crisse-cross and other variants being the term given to it. Then, by degrees, the term "cross-row" was used to indicate elementary instruction; and the Crisse-cross-row became a synonym for the alphabet. The word is frequently referred to in all kinds of literature. The lines,

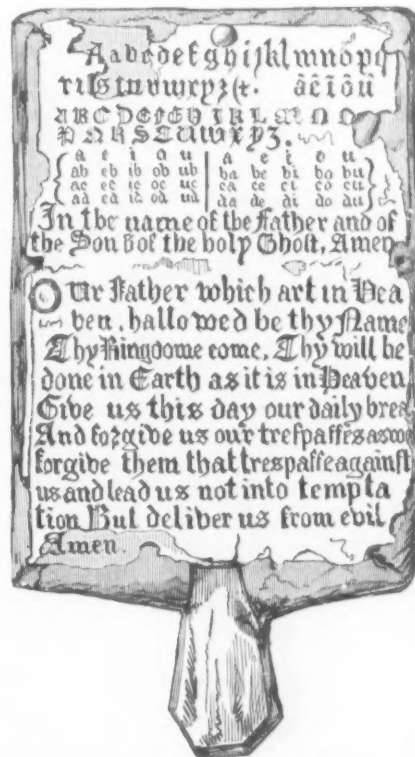
"And if you know
The Christ cross row,
You soon may spell and read:
In this smooth way
From day to day
You will run on with speed,"

are from William Ronkley's primer, "Childe's Weeke Work," which appeared in 1712. In Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" the expression "Four years in traveling from Christ Cross Row to Malachi," which has been explained by the fact that the Old Testament was the reading book of the highest class in schools.

Dealing with the latest horn-books Mr. Tuer says: "The horn-book in the early years of the present century altered materially in character. The wooden base was superseded by a piece of stout card or millboard covered on one side with embossed and highly colored Dutch or tinted paper, and on the other with the printed sheet. The reading side was protected by ugly varnish of a dirty gray or muddy orange brown tint, due perhaps to the desire to imitate the color of horn; but it is more likely that the crudely made varnish of those days, preserved thus on frame but glassless prints of the period, was always more or less 'off color.' The brass strips and horn covering were discarded. The selling price of the cardboard horn-books was a halfpenny."

Of these card horn-books known to be still in existence there is one styled "The Royal Battledore," "Pub-

lished by the King's Authority," and sold for two-pence. The card is folded in half. On the left is the alphabet—capitals and lower case—which is followed by "In the name of the Father," etc., and by the prayer, "I pray God to bless my Father and Mother, Brothers and Sisters, and all my good Friends, and my



E-ne-mies. Amen." Then comes the Lord's Prayer, after which, and on the same line as the "Amen," follow the numerals. On the opposite side is a series of rude cuts, one to each letter—Apple, Ball, Cat, etc. There is an admonitory verse divided so that a line comes at the top and bottom of each side:

"He that ne'er learns his A B C
Forever will a blockhead be;
But he that learns these letters fair,
Shall have a coach to take the air."

The step from horn-books to samplers is obvious, and another development of the horn-book is found in the gingerbread cakes common in England to-day, the cakes being stamped with the alphabet. In this connection a gentleman, whose grandfather carved gingerbread molds or stamps more than a hundred years ago, ingeniously opined that the old saying "Taking the gilt off the gingerbread" arose from the custom of selling damaged bits at half the ordinary prices.

THE EMPEROR'S CANE.

"The two young Austrian princes who, by the death of their father, the Archduke Charles Louis, are brought into the line of immediate succession," says the *Saturday Review*, "bear a popular ill-repute which would have been excessive even in the Munich or Stuttgart of a generation ago. Both are reputed to be unable to read and write correctly any one of the languages in which an Austrian ruler is supposed to be proficient. After the suicide of Archduke Rudolph in 1889 an effort was made to train the mind of the elder of these cousins, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. He was sent on a tour round the world, and the pretense was carried to the length of issuing a record of observations which he was said to have written. All that he really derived from the journey was a malady from which he is now slowly dying. He is the prince who scandalized Vienna in his youth by halting a peasant funeral procession, which he met while riding, and compelling the mourners to hold the bier while he leaped his horse backward and forward over the coffin. His uncle, the Emperor, thrashed him with a stick for this exploit, although he was at the time a grown man and an officer in the army. His brother Otto is the hero of another exploit, involving a public insult of the grossest kind to his own wife, for which the Austrians were delighted to learn that he also felt the Emperor's cane. In explanation, though not in defense, of their vicious worthlessness, it is remembered that these young men inherit not only the worst qualities of the degenerate Hapsburg blood, but are grandsons of that criminal lunatic whom Englishmen still remember—the Neapolitan 'Bomba.'"

MR. DANA AMUSED.

The *New York Sun* finds food for laughter in the predictions of Mr. Platt's downfall which appear with such frequency. Commenting on the statement in an Albany paper that the death-knell of Plattism has been rung, it says:

"What, again? Are they dingdonging for the old man once more? Must be about the twenty-fifth or sixth time they've pulled the bell and tolled the knell for Thomas of Tiooga, eh? Perhaps it isn't a knell this time. Perhaps it's only Mark Hanna beating on the back of a tin plate for the purpose of announcing that the free lunch is almost ready."

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



etched sixty-five pounds, its original cost having been one penny. For a description of this famous horn-book, of which we publish an illustration, Mr. Tuer again quotes one of William Hone's unpublished notes:

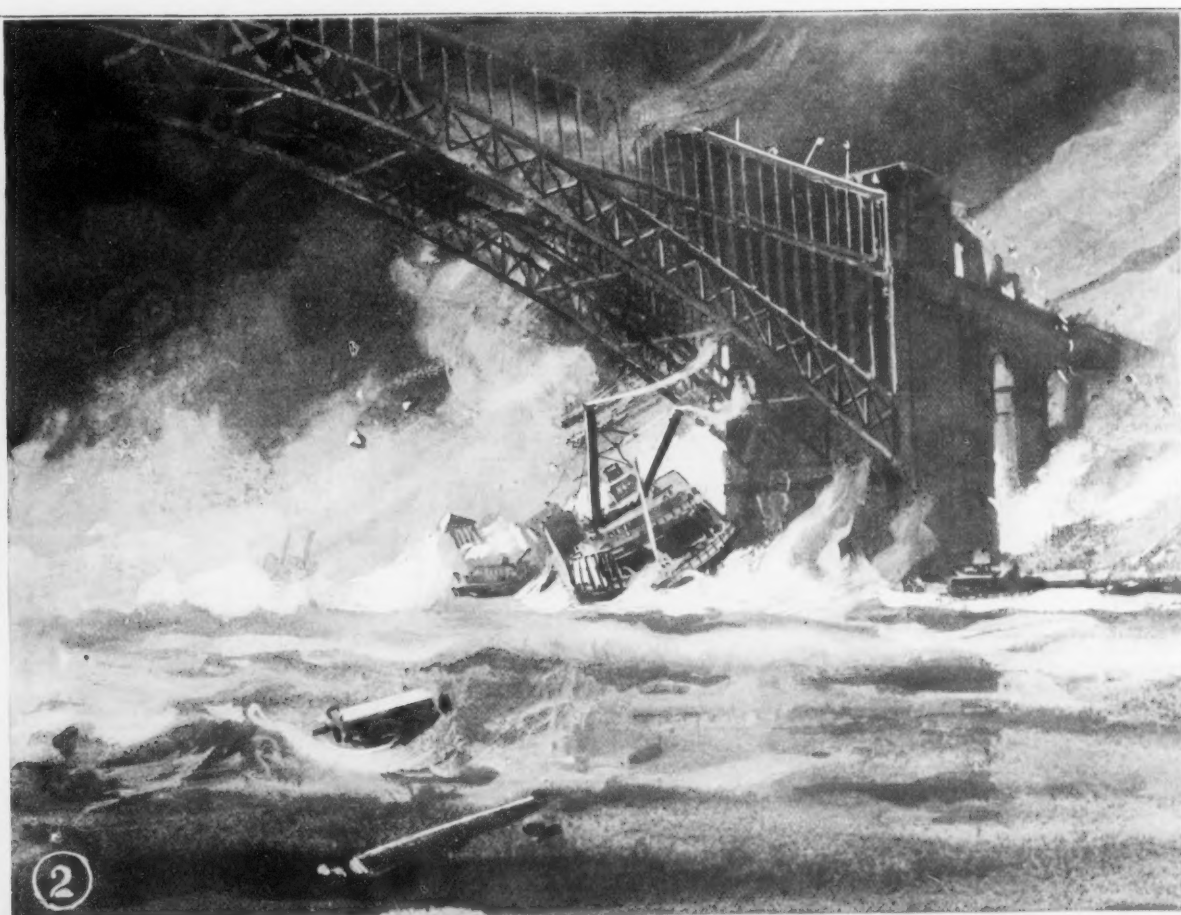
"There is an old and curious horn-book in the possession of a gentleman of antiquarian taste and learning—William Bateman of Middleton, near Bakewell, Derby-



1. PASSENGER TRAIN CAUGHT UNDER THE FALLING APPROACH OF THE EADS BRIDGE.

2. WRECK OF THE "J. J. ODELL"

THE GREAT CYCLONE



THE "J. J. O'CONNELL" (ILLINOIS PACKET COMPANY) AT ONE OF THE PIERS OF THE EADS BRIDGE.

3. THE LEVEE AFTER THE STORM.

SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN RUSSIA.

REMARKABLE EVOLUTION PROCEEDING THROUGHOUT THE CZAR'S VAST EMPIRE.

A TRAVELED RUSSIAN GENTLEWOMAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE SITUATION.

The following interesting account of social conditions in Russia is furnished by a Russian lady just returned from a lengthy tour of her native country. There are very few people able to give so accurate a resume of the state of all classes of society in Russia at the present as this lady, owing to her having been intrusted with an important Government mission, which necessitated her traveling through many provinces.

"Symptoms of change are visible everywhere that one may choose to turn in Russia at the present time," said this lady to the writer. "The Colossus of the North is waking up from a long period of lethargy, and, stirred by Western ideas, settled customs and forms of thought are being disturbed on all sides, the influences at work being felt in even the most remote quarters.

"The abolition of serfdom, of course, paved the way for important social changes, as the power of the nobles was visibly destroyed by it and the entire complexion of Russian rural life altered.

"The ancestral homes where they had resided in a kind of feudal grandeur were deserted for the attractions of urban life, and left either entirely untenanted or relegated to the care of stewards intrusted with the management of what remained in the shape of an estate. Country society, thus largely denuded of its aristocratic element, and formed into communal groups for the benefit of the emancipated serfs, underwent an extraordinary change.

"Although the nobility very generally deserted their once magnificent and prosperous estates, there still remain a well-to-do class of landowners who, while they may pay an occasional visit to St. Petersburg or Moscow, prefer the surroundings of rural life and manage to live with some degree of pretension. It is among this class that one finds the purest type of Russian character to-day; for in the cities foreign culture has so vanished over the actual nature of the Slav that their distinctive characteristics are, to a large extent, lost, and an unwelcome hybrid crystallization is the result.

"In the homes of these old country families one finds the atmosphere of a quaint and picturesque past still prevailing. In some of them an unnecessarily large retinue of servants is maintained and the dignity of ancient usages scrupulously preserved; although the income from the estate, however well it may be administered, is usually a meager one, the family managing to sustain a certain style possible only under such economic conditions as exist in Russia.

"The farm, the garden and the hothouse furnish almost all the supplies necessary for the household, while most of the articles of domestic use are made by the out-door servants during the long and rigid winter, when little occupation can be found for them in the fields. Almost all Russian women are familiar with the use of the distaff and loom; linens, cloths and other articles needed for personal wear and domestic purposes being made by them at home, while the manufacture of articles needed for adornment, such as shawls, embroideries and elegant needlework, occupies the leisure hours of the more refined class. The men in turn utilize their spare time in making baskets, carving spoons, and in the production of numbers of articles in daily use. This system of supplying their wants naturally permits of the household affairs being administered on an exceptionally economical basis.

"The diversions of country life are likewise comparatively inexpensive. An antiquated carriage will serve to uphold considerable dignity in rural circles, and driving in summer, like sleighing in winter, is one of the principal occupations; while music may be said, in most households, to be the favorite indoor pastime.

"Breakfast is usually an informal meal in a Russian country house, the various members suiting themselves as to the hour at which it shall be taken; but they invariably meet at dinner, which is generally taken earlier than by city people, four o'clock being a very common hour. After dinner it is quite common to see the ladies light their cigarettes in the drawing-room when the men start their cigars. Cards are brought out as a rule and conversation commences, while those who prefer it seek the music-room to find diversion—or distraction—at the piano. Tea is served in the drawing-room some time later, the cups being handed around with sugar and other accessories, while the mistress, her eldest daughter or some honored guest presides over that universal institution in Russia, the samovar. On birthdays and special occasions, balls, of course, are given and the sociable characteristics of the people are shown by the number of their guests, many of whom travel long distances to be present at the festivities.

"A striking characteristic of the autocratic form of Government that prevails in Russia is the communal system, on which village peasant life is conducted. Extremes meet in this particular as in many other instances in Russian life. The taxes on the land, by which the peasant is ground almost into a condition of mere animal existence and which renders his lot intolerable, are not collected individually, but from the entire village, the community at large being responsible for the amount charged by the Imperial tax-gatherer.

"These communal principles are further enhanced by the patriarchal system which has hitherto prevailed in the family arrangements of the Russian peasantry. It has been the universal custom for the sons of the family to remain under the parental roof until the death of the father led to a division of his property. In case they thought fit to marry, the bride became a member of the father's household and shared in the domestic duties, with the other females of her husband's family. The economy of this system had a marked influence upon the prosperity of the country, as much saving was effected by this consolidation of what might otherwise have been several separate households. The younger element, however, are rebelling more and more against

this arrangement and the sons are not now satisfied to remain in a state of vassalage to their parents after they have grown up, or to see their wives become servants in the family. Statistics show that the economic condition of the Russian peasant producers is greatly affected by this change in their social habits, but it is impossible to stay this latest development of the influence of Western thought.

"The lot of the Russian peasant is certainly harder than that experienced by any other similar class of workers in Europe, the scantiness and coarseness of his food, it would seem, equipping him in the most unsatisfactory way for the arduous labors which are absolutely necessary to produce any sustenance at all for the family. Nevertheless, he is by no means a misanthrope or grumbler. His diet is almost entirely vegetarian, consisting mainly of a coarse black bread and soup made from vegetables, alternated occasionally with buckwheat gruel. Refreshed by a scanty meal of this kind, he is prepared to go out and toil for twelve or fourteen hours under the fervent rays of a midsummer sun. His temperament is generally cheerful, and the family troop off to work in the fields, singing, as they go, some of the pretty folk-songs with which Mme. Lneff has made Americans familiar in her admirable translations, used in the performance of the 'Russian Wedding Feast.'

"During the summer, every hour of which has to be utilized for outdoor work, the Russian peasantry has little time for social recreation; but through the long months of winter it is usual for them to meet at one another's houses in the evening and enliven their work by singing songs and occasionally passing around the vodka bottle.

"Their style of living is extremely primitive, and they are, as a rule, most peaceful and polite people, although disputes occasionally arise which require the intervention of the starosta or elder, a functionary elected by the members of several neighboring communes, who performs the office of a magistrate without the assistance of either lawyer or jury. The important cases which the starosta does not himself feel capable of deciding the complainant has to go to the regular assize courts for a decision; but all minor cases are disposed of by him, after he has heard what the two parties to the dispute and their witnesses have to say. Our illustration shows a characteristic scene at one of these tribunals. The starosta, who is supported by other elders, is listening to the plaintiff's story and the clerk is busy taking notes of what the old fellow says. The man standing behind the clerk's chair is evidently the defendant in the case, and the rest of the company are the witnesses.

"It is a striking proof of the simplicity of the habits of these people that they are content to settle their differences in this manner and to leave the adjustment of their disputes to one of themselves, who has been selected for the post, rather than seek redress through the more complex machinery of the law courts.

"The barriers imposed by the old conditions of serfdom are being gradually removed and the indifference formerly displayed by the aristocratic classes toward those whom they looked upon practically in the light of slaves are being broken down more and more each year.

"Both in the cities and in rural districts wealthy women are devoting themselves to the task of educating and advancing the energetically inclined among the members of their own sex, in the lower strata of society. They watch the progress of the children in the schools, and instruct the mothers in the use of better methods for the production of their woolen and linen materials and in other handiwork. Some of them even perfect themselves by study in the technical schools, now established in the principal centers, so as to be able to instruct the peasantry in the finer grade-work necessary for the production of the more profitable materials.

"To attempt to treat of social matters at all without making reference to the universal influence of religion would be a very serious omission. Orthodox religion has a stronger foothold in Russia than in any country in the world, and the observance of public worship is looked upon as an imperative duty, at least in the rural districts. In the cities, the attention paid to religious observances is scarcely less marked, there being in Moscow alone nearly four hundred churches, and, instead of the wine shop, saloon or café usually found monopolizing the corners of streets in most American and European cities, chapels for public worship are almost invariably found, while icons or images are conspicuous everywhere in shops, public offices and public houses. The country churches are not, as a rule, very imposing structures; but the village pope or priest is, next to the starosta or president of the village tribunal, the person of most importance in the commune.

"On all sides there are to be found evidences of the transition which is taking place as the result of forces gradually working a revolution in the habits and modes of thought of the masses of the people. As a result of the development of Russian manufactures and commerce, the influence of the commercial and industrial classes is being more and more felt and is doubtless destined to have an important effect on the general social system. In the opinion of many well-informed and intelligent Russians, the partial adoption of the habits and customs of other people which characterized the reign of the late Czar was distinctly detrimental to the interests of the country.

"A movement has been started for the purpose of counteracting such influences as are believed to be undesirable, and distinctly Russian ideas, tasks and habits are to be revived, if it is found possible to withstand the inroads of cosmopolitanism. The intention is decidedly patriotic, and the movement only the result of a reaction from the sudden plunge which has been taken from the extreme conservatism which marked Russian methods previous to the French invasion of 1812, and was again fostered during the reign of Nicholas. One of the special features of this new propaganda is the effort being made to instruct the Russian women of the poorer classes in the manufacture of articles, which can be profitably disposed of, and the arrangement of their sale direct to the consumer to spare the exorbitant commissions of the middle men. This is being done with a view to prevent the breaking up of families necessitated by the absence of the women from home, who would otherwise be compelled to go to the factories for employment. It is

argued with considerable force that the absence of women from their homes, and the influence upon their habits engendered by the associations that they would form outside, would be inimical to the best interests of the family.

"Inasmuch as the whole fabric of Russian social life has hitherto been built up on the principle of the family being the unit, the domestic customs and institutions of the people being all based upon the unity of the home, and the Czar himself being known to his subjects as 'The Little Father,' it is not to be wondered at that some should view with apprehension changes which might affect its stability.

"It is difficult to see, nevertheless, how home work, which is of necessity the product of manual labor, can, in the long run, compete with the products of machinery; and it can scarcely be expected that Russian women will not avail themselves of the opportunities afforded by the factories for the utilization of their labor, however much their action may militate against the interests of the home.

"It is almost necessary in this connection to mention, however briefly, a few of the leading sources of diversion enjoyed by the rural Russian during the long and severe winter. Sleighing or troika-driving is a very popular means of amusement, and to see the magnificent and fleet-footed horses, which are said to have a large share of the famous Arab blood in their veins, dashing over the frozen surface of the snowy wilderness at mad speed is a sight which thrills the senses and makes one long to be behind them. Russian women are particularly fond of troika-driving, and will urge the coachman to hasten his steeds, even when they are traveling at the swiftest pace.

"Tobogganing is, naturally, a great Russian pastime, and our illustration shows a village scene in which old and young are participating with equal zest. In most of the large cities, where the surface of the ground is too level to furnish natural facilities, artificial hills are made, which are covered with snow when finished and water is poured upon the snow in order to form a slippery surface. The daring venturesomeness of the children, when mounted upon the bridge of a sled, on which they sit astride while descending a steep declivity, at breakneck speed, is evidence that the human juvenile is not affected with any unnecessary timidity.

"Although wolves are seen in Russia very little nowadays, except in the extreme north, it is not unusual for them during very severe weather to put in an appearance in the vicinity of the villages, especially in the Caucasian district, and an opportunity for some exciting sport is then furnished. The Cossacks are very fond of wolf-hunting, and the distances which they hurl their long spears at the flying animals, when they have overtaken them after a hasty chase, is one of their accomplishments of which these daring horsemen are not the least proud.

"Elk-hunting is a very much tamer pastime and is shared in by all the members of the community, those who cannot pursue the hunt in sleighs going afoot to the round-up, and taking as keen an interest as their wealthier companions in being 'in at the death.' The elk, driven to bay, generally seeks refuge in the nearest piece of woodland, and its pursuers proceed at once to surround the wood wherein it is hiding. The circle being formed around it, the ring gradually closes about the fated animal and it falls a victim to the bullets of those fortunate enough to be first on the scene. An elk-hunt is an event which calls out all the members of the family, including the women, who are just as interested in the successful capture of the unfortunate deer as American or English women are in the capture of the fox's brush.

"A passing glance at the brilliant panorama designated 'High Life' will probably form a suitable winding up to this brief study of social aspects in Russia. In this phase of their kaleidoscopic life the Russians betray some evidences of being a conquered people. German, French and even English influences have so impressed themselves upon the form of civilization peculiar to Russian city life that the real native character is lost under a veneer of foreign polish which at first seems incomprehensible to the observer. It is, however, one of the results of the peculiar way in which that civilization has come about, and will doubtless be modified by influences coming from a different direction as time goes on.

"The social habits of the wealthy classes in St. Petersburg and other large cities do not differ materially, therefore, from those of similar elements in other European centers, being fully as cosmopolitan, if not more so, as in London, Berlin or Vienna. Society at the Russian capital, no longer being substantially an expansion of a limited court circle, has formed itself into a collection of coteries vying with each other in the brilliancy of their display and the *fin de siècle* character of their tastes. The wealthy Russians are the most lavish spenders in the world. The most costly entertainments given anywhere form a part of the social programme at the Russian metropolis during the season, and the splendor of living indulged in by the wealthy classes in London or Paris is quite equaled in St. Petersburg. Russian society women are noted for their brilliancy and are among the best informed of their sex, while the glitter and pageantry of the Court lends a certain air of distinction probably not felt as forcibly in any other capital. In the salons of the leading lights of St. Petersburg society one finds an atmosphere of aristocratic magnificence and refinement which, owing to the lack of democratic influences, is peculiar to itself.

"The clubs of St. Petersburg, most of which are managed on the principle of the English clubs, are very liberally patronized, and in most of them gambling, often for very high stakes, is frequently indulged in.

"In summer the large cities are deserted by all but those compelled to remain there for business reasons. Those who have estates in the country retire to them, while a great number of people have villas in the suburbs whence they repair in May, remaining there until October and carrying along with them from the city as much of its atmosphere as is possible to transplant to their summer residences. In their gregarious and sociable habits the Russians resemble the Americans perhaps more than any other people, and there is no country in which the domestic affections are cherished with greater fidelity than in the Empire of the Czar.

"One peculiar feature of the Russian social problem

is the fact that the aristocratic classes, owing to the form of Government which prevails, possess no influence whatever except that which naturally accrues to them from the mere circumstance of their being possessed of wealth. It is true that large numbers of this class derive a temporary importance from holding some official position, but as their tenure of office is dependent entirely upon the caprice of the Government, there is no permanent influence gained from such connections.

There must also be noted the absence of an influential middle class, such as that which in England secured the charters and privileges which paved the way for the democratizing of British institutions. Between the Czar and the masses of the Russian people exists a chasm, absolutely unbridged by any distinct and influential social element. There is, it is true, an official class whose destinies are wedded to those of the Government, and a military class, whose interests are to a certain extent separate from those of the people; but, compared with the overwhelming numbers of the masses, there is nothing in the social fabric corresponding to what may be found in every other country of the globe—a powerful and representative intermediate class.

BIRTH OF AMERICA'S FLAG—JUNE, 1777.

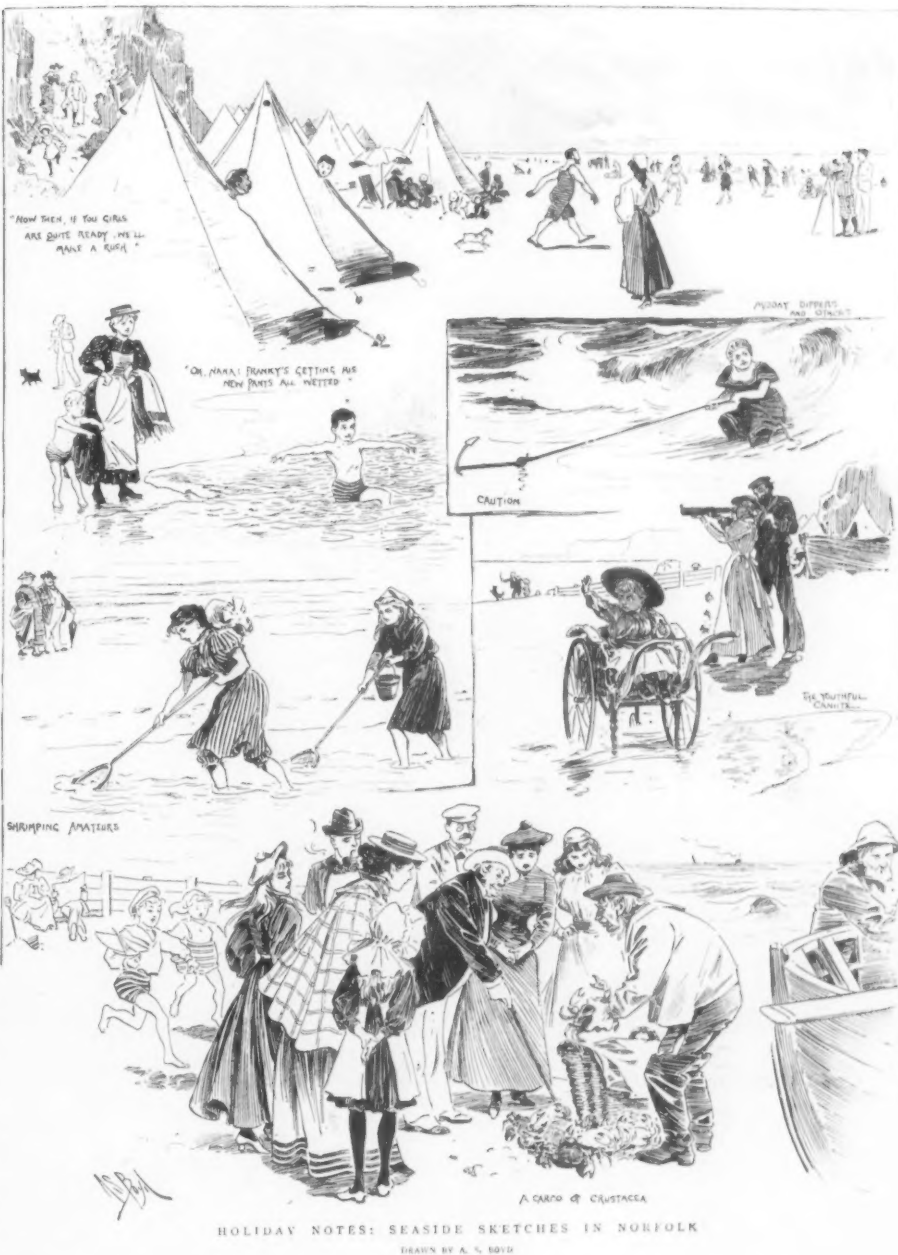
WHEN the colonies were under British rule the flag of Great Britain was generally adopted with some special emblem upon it applicable to the individual colony to which it belonged. One of the first indications that the colonies preferred some other flag than that of the Mother Country was the one which made its appearance about 1686, and was known as the New England colors. It was a white flag with the St. George cross in red, emblazoned with the royal arms. In 1701 a new flag made its appearance—a blue background, and the red and white English cross barring it—and was known as the Merchant flag; this was also of New England origin. As early as 1741 the Americans displayed a spirit of independence by floating from American-manned war vessels what was in every particular an English flag; it had inscribed on it these words: "Liberty and Union." When the people of the colonies decided to battle for Independence they individually adopted certain flags for the Patriots to follow.

The first independent flag in South Carolina was that designed by Colonel Moultrie and which floated over Fort Sullivan. It consisted of a blue ground, with a crescent moon in the upper corner and in white letters on the lower edge was inscribed "Liberty." The crescent moon was a favorite emblem in the South at the beginning of the Revolution. About the same time the first striped flag under which the Patriots fought made its appearance. Its field was composed of the crosses St. George and St. Andrews, as they appeared on the British ensign, but the fly of the new flag was made up of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white. The flag was raised on the American camp at Cambridge, Mass., and was saluted with thirteen guns and thirteen hearty cheers. It was known as the "Grand Union Flag," and is no doubt the parent of the "Old Glory" of to-day. The design of the Grand Union flag was the work of Dr. Franklin, Mr. Lynch and Mr. Harrison, who were at the camp on a commission to prepare a national flag. The Grand Union flag was decided upon, the King's colors being retained in the Jack to represent the still recognized sovereignty of the Mother Country; but in place of the red fly the thirteen red and white bars were instituted to symbolize the union of the colonies against tyranny. The Pine Tree flag and the Rattlesnake flag were much in use during the Revolution. The former was a New England device, while the latter was a favorite with the Southern soldiers and sailors. The Pine Tree flag appeared about 1775, and was used afloat and ashore; the first motto said to have been used was: "An Appeal to Heaven." The next was a blue flag having a white canton and a red cross with a green pine tree. Another well-known flag was a red one, with a pine tree on a white ground in one corner. Also one with a pine tree on a white ground, above which was the motto: "Liberty Tree," and beneath, "An Appeal to God." The Patriots in the South changed the pine tree to a palmetto tree with a serpent wound around the trunk and beneath the motto: "Don't Tread On Me." The first appearance of the snake in the American flag came from South Carolina; it was a yellow flag with a coiled rattlesnake, and was known as the naval flag of 1776.

There was also about this time a flag of thirteen stripes with the rattlesnake reaching diagonally across it, and underneath the motto: "Don't Tread On Me," and it is claimed Captain Paul Jones was the first one to throw it to the breeze. The Virginia minute men from Culpepper used the coiled snake on a white field for their flag, with an additional inscription of "Liberty or Death." No doubt Rhode Island can claim the honor of first using the stars. Several military organizations from that colony bore a flag bearing on a white ground a fouled blue anchor, with the word "Hope." In the corner was a blue field, with thirteen stars. Not until June, 1777, was a distinctive flag chosen to represent the United States of America. On June 14 the Federal Congress, which was then meeting in the city of Philadelphia, decided upon the selection of a certain design as the flag of the nation by the adoption of the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

The thirteen stripes were to represent the thirteen States, each separate and distinct, yet bound together in one union for a common but well-considered purpose. The colors—red, white and blue—were also chosen as emblematic. Red was designed to denote defiance and daring; the white, purity of purpose, and the blue, eternal vigilance, perseverance in the right and justice to all who should acknowledge fealty to the flag. Some suppose that the stars and stripes of the American flag were adopted out of courtesy to General Washington, on whose coat-of-arms both stars and stripes appear; while others believe that the stripes were of Dutch



HOLIDAY NOTES: SEASIDE SKETCHES IN NORFOLK
DRAWN BY A. S. BOYD

origin, as they occur in Dutch armorial bearings; but both ideas are now disputed. Nevertheless, it was under the personal direction of Washington, aided by a committee of Congress, that the first perfect design for a national flag was produced.

Living in Philadelphia at that time was a Mrs. Ross, who carried on an upholstery establishment on Arch Street. To this place members of the committee went, with a rough design of the flag made by General Washington. The reply Mrs. Ross made when asked if she could make a flag from the design they had was: "I don't know whether I can or not, but I will try." She suggested that instead of the six-pointed stars indicated in the sketch five-pointed ones would be more pleasing. To illustrate her suggestion she folded a sheet of paper and with one cut produced the pattern of the stars she had recommended. Mrs. Ross's suggestion was accepted, and she was ordered to make the flag, which she did by the next day. She made such a success of the first flag that Congress selected her to manufacture all the flags for the United States Government, an occupation which she enjoyed with profit to herself for many years and which business was carried on by her children many years more.

The flag of June 14, 1777, was different from the ensign of to-day only in that there were but thirteen stars on the blue field and they were arranged in a circle. Upon the admission of every new State into the Union one star has been added to the union on the flag until now there are forty-five stars on the field or union of the national flag, arranged in six rows; the first, third and fifth rows have eight stars, and the second, fourth and sixth rows have seven stars each.

MRS. SHELDON ON THE SOUTH.

Mrs. French Sheldon, the explorer, who has the reputation of having penetrated further into the wilderness in Central Africa than any other woman, is now in New York. For the last few months she has been traveling through the South. She is now writing a book dwelling upon this part of the country. She said, in referring to the South:

"My visit to the South has not been so extended as I would like to have had it, but even in the short time that I was there what impressed me most was the great possibilities that the country affords. The prospects for developing the mining and agricultural resources of the country have impressed me as being more promising than in any other country in the world. The soil is rich

and of great fertility. The mines are also of great richness, and they have hardly been tapped as yet. Manufacturing industries are springing up, and with such a wealth of material the country ought to advance with great strides. I am going back to the South as soon as the cotton is ready to be picked, and after that I shall sail for England. While I am acting in my own individual capacity, yet I wish to enlist the sympathy and interest of the English capitalist in the resources of the South and hope to gain for it the recognition that it deserves, and which will come when it is builded up by capital."

ENGLISH POLITICAL STARS.

"It is one of the evils of the 'star system' in politics," says the *Saturday Review*, "that the casual twaddle of a Cabinet Minister is reported verbatim, while a really excellent speech by a minor politician is frequently unreported. At the dinner of the National Union of Conservative Associations at the Holborn Restaurant, Mr. Arthur Balfour talked for half an hour, and said nothing above the level of the most ordinary conversation. Yet this talkative talker occupied two columns of the *Times* next morning; while the Solicitor-General, Sir Robert Finlay, who made an admirable and most effective speech on India and the Colonies, was not reported at all."

TEN DOLLARS FOR TEN MINUTES' WORK.

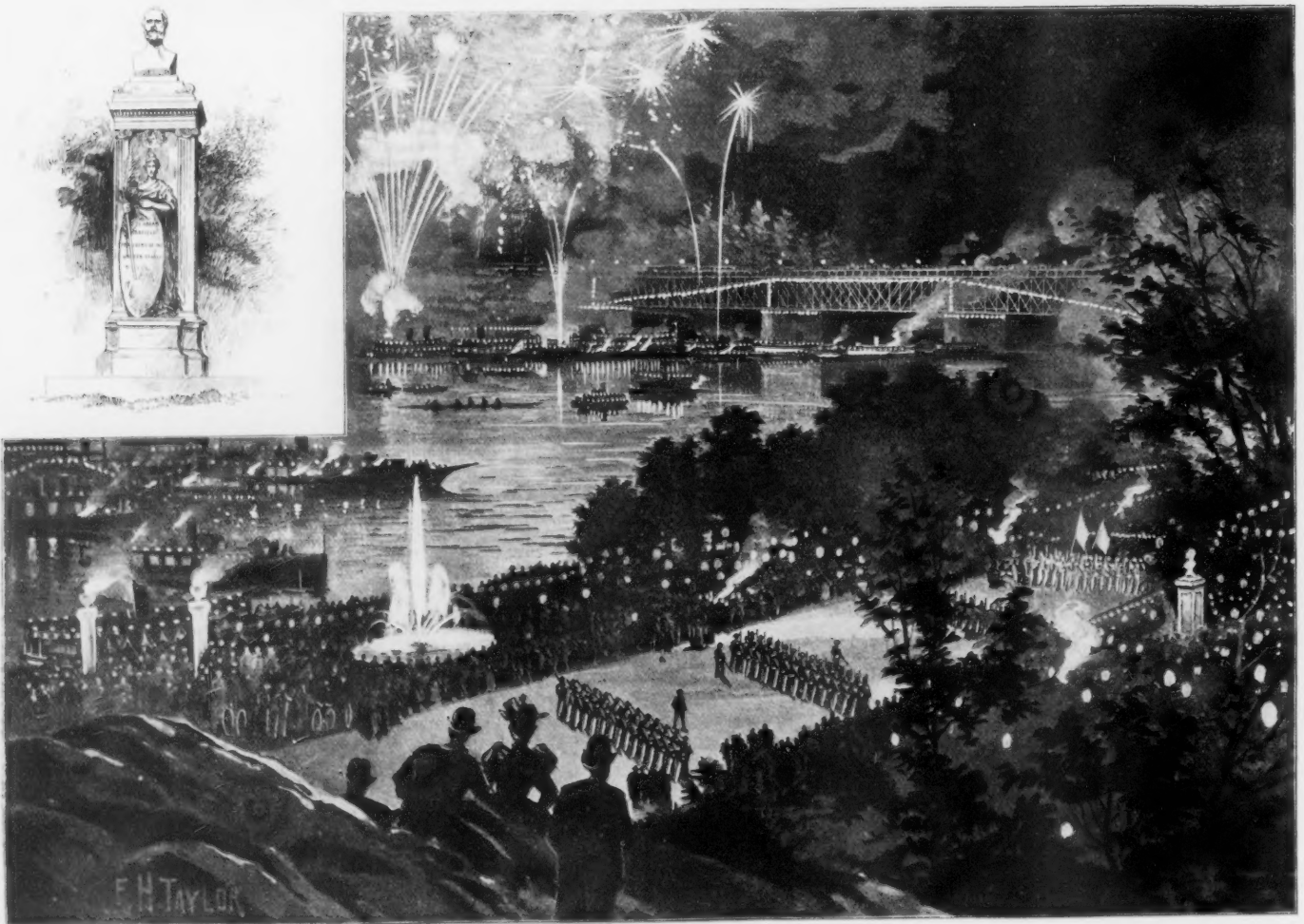
Everybody making money, everybody pleased, everybody buying a lot in Selkirk. You can have one practically free, the boom is near. The lot should bring \$100 in 90 days if half the plans are carried out. New manufacturer employing 107 hands from the start. Send me 15 names and addresses of persons whom you know and I will allow you \$10 on the Selkirk lot, and will send you a Warranty Deed immediately. Assume me you will record the lot and keep up the taxes (a small sum). I mean business. This is the nearest chance you will ever have of "getting something for nothing." It is like giving you a \$100. We do it to advertise wonderful Selkirk and to get circulars to everybody you know. Excursions all summer, everybody can make money, no risk. Next month this property will without doubt double itself. Address W. C. Atkinson, Fourth St., Columbus, O. References: Senator Cleveland, Noble County Bank, County Auditor Johnson, Judge Leland, etc., etc.

\$20 TO \$60 A MONTH.

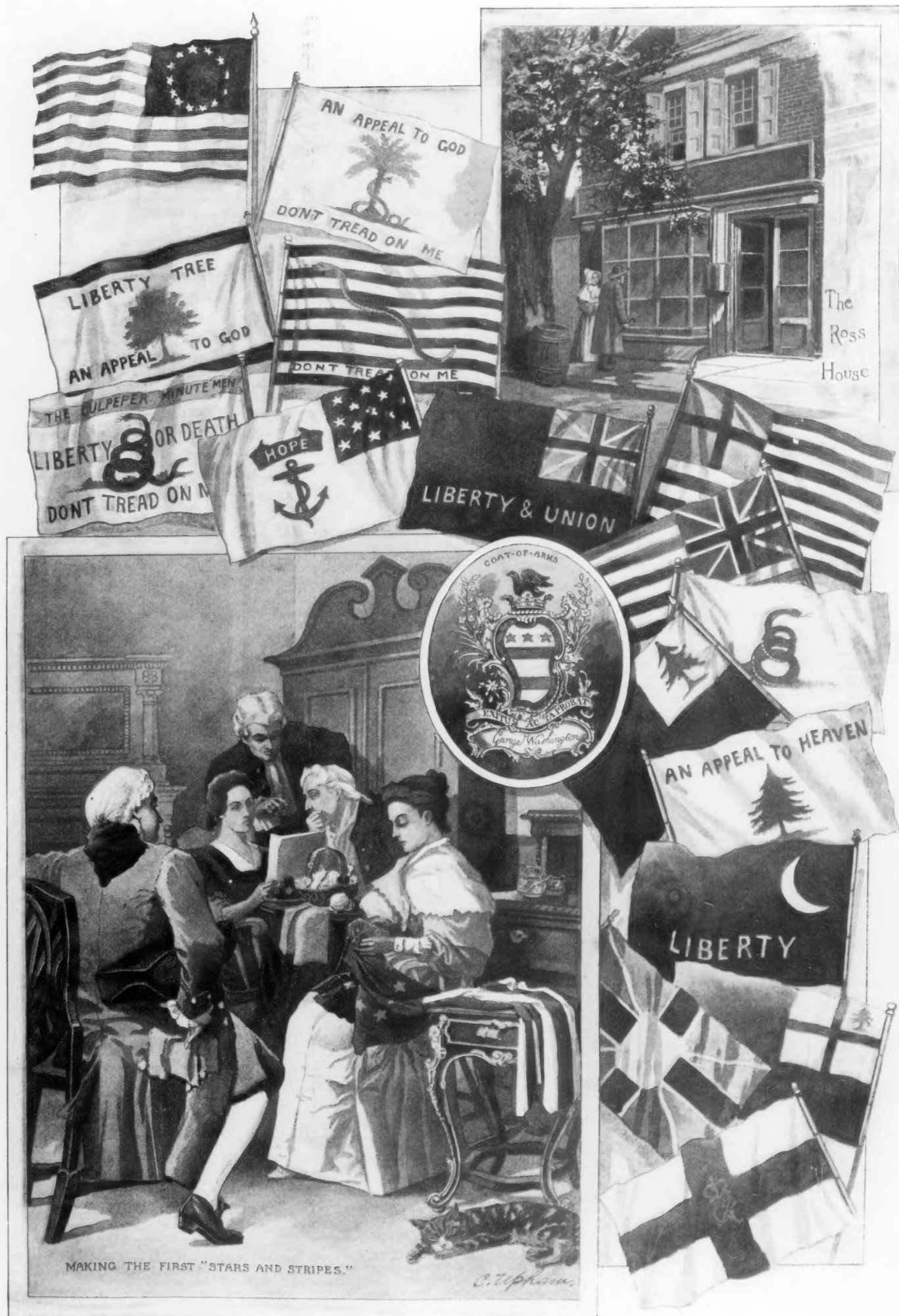
You do no work, have no risk, annoyance or care. You get your money prompt every 90 days, your money doubles itself. We do all the work, your profit is safe, sure and certain in a legitimate manufacturing business (Selkirk Mfg. Co.). Your income is guaranteed by \$25,000 Bond now deposited. Profits paid in cash every 90 days. Do you want a regular income for 10 years to come? The old firm conducted this business successfully eight years. Write R. C. Dickerson, Philo, O. References: Auditor of State of Ohio, County Sheriff, County Treasurer, any bank, etc., etc.



COMRADES.



DEDICATION OF THE GARFIELD MONUMENT IN FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR FLAG.

LIFE ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE EMPIRE CITY.

"ONE-HALF the world knows not how the other half lives," says the old adage, and nowhere can this be more truly verified than in this colossal city of ours called Gotham. 'Tis but a little distance from the wealth and splendor of the millionaire quarter to where the poor and lowly dwell.

Not that I mean to take you a-slumming, dear reader, *pas du tout*, but simply across Central Park in the early morning when the dew is on the grass and the genial influence of the morning sun gives a feeling of gladness to the heart.

The wayfarers and out-of-workers you have met with in your journey are for the moment luxuriously seated beneath the hawthorn tree or other equally fragrant shelter, and surrounded by all the refreshing sights and sounds of that charming pleasure-ground.

They will soon begin their journey anew, with renewed hope and vigor; and, wishing them success in their several pursuits, we pass on to where the laborer is at work, or going to it.

Already business is going on and the cosmopolitan character of the vast metropolis at once arrests one's attention.

The Deutsche Apotheke at the corner, Wah Lee's Laundry on the opposite side, Elias's (what a name to be in trade!) Glöten Bread is advertised, and others remember the land of their nativity by such words as Old Vienna, Allegheny, Alabama, and others with equal benevolence profess to find employment for all nations. Of the restaurants there are quite a plethora, from the cake and coffee saloon and quick lunch room to more pretentious quarters. Yes, everything is at a startlingly quick rate, on a par with the double row of cable cars and double line of rails overhead. At every corner the cable car pauses for a moment to take up an additional freight of humanity, one and all bound cityward.

All sorts and conditions of men and women, young and old, boys and girls, are here to be found. Every individual unit, whether in the store, factory, work-room or office, at mental or manual labor, indoor or out, is but part of a great machine which revolves round the center as the earth round the sun. The struggle for life each day becomes fiercer, the competition keener in every department, and the result more wearing-out for poor humanity.

Now where and how are all those hundreds of thousands housed and fed?

They mostly live in flats, and once their hurried meal is hastily swallowed in the early morning their *piéd de tour* knows them no more till dewy eve. Considering that an ordinary dwelling-house of four stories is in reality a series of four flats, where every inch is occupied, one can easily realize what life on the East Side means. Some few frame houses, with clustering ivy, clematis and Virginia creeper, with an occasional evergreen, may still be seen—relics of the days that are no more, when green fields were yet visible at this side of the river. But they only stand on sufferance, just for the moment, and will speedily give place to the brick and mortar and cut stone facings of their neighbors on both sides of the way.

And this is only as it should be, in view of the amazing progress all round. It is only in the poorer districts of a great city, and among the struggling classes, one can truly witness the "charity of poor to poor." One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and to feel for suffering one must have suffered.

Take a flat in one of those houses described, where, having the privilege of entry, we went in search of a workwoman who a few days previously had been taken ill and obliged to send in her resignation and the unfinished gown she was engaged on at the same time. There are heroes and heroines in humble life to whom the wreath of glory is denied, yet "they foremost fighting fell" on the battlefield of life, wrecks of the daily combat strewn around on all sides.

Now Mary's history was not an unusual one, but deeply pathetic. She had been singing the song of the shirt, or, rather, of the gown—for she was a dressmaker—for some twenty odd years. Lured by the magnetic word America, she had crossed the ocean and landed in New York, to seek her fortune as the phrase goes.

So far, all went well. Her compatriots were present in large numbers, relatives among them, so she was never desolate or alone. There was work in abundance; she was never idle, able to pay her way, but to save nothing. So for eighteen long years she toiled, till health and strength were almost gone—of her long vigils over fancy costumes, wedding and ball gowns we need not tell—until a day came when the workroom knew her no

longer. She had, in yachting parlance, "to strike another tack," and this was to go out as a daily worker into the homes of the great and wealthy, and so she continued for two years. But not always at the same mansion; *sic transit gloria mundi*, her first wealthy patrons either died or went to other regions and she was forgotten. Only one faithful friend stood firm, and when the storm of adversity blew hardest stepped into the breach and gave her friend and compatriot a hearty welcome.

This *deus ex machina* was a comely matron, who with her husband and one child occupied a flat in one of the houses not a thousand miles from Third Avenue. Albeit the flat contained but five apartments, one was given up to the lonely and penniless woman, and here we found her, after toiling up three flights of stairs. But the flat was in no sense Poverty Flat, for the stairs were not alone neat and clean, but well carpeted. And more than this, the beaming face of Mrs. — met us on the landing; we had pulled the bell at the entrance door, pointed out to us by a good-natured *fräulein*, and so were well on our way when she met us. A hospitable invitation to enter was immediately accepted, and the outer door being closed, all communication with the outer world was at an end.

The rooms all led one into another and looked out into a blank wall; other habitations seemed perilously near, and family washing, on all sides, absorbed every ray of sunlight and almost daylight. We conversed in a sort of semi-twilight, and looking round saw a well-to-do look about the room, though not exactly a *salle de glace*; yet there was a mirror large enough to make one remember whether one's hat and veil were all right, there were handsome vases and a very soft lounge, and other indications of comfort. And there was the bright, beaming face of the presiding genie, a fine, fat, comfortable matron—just such a one as Rubens loved to paint. We presented our credentials and inquired for Miss —.

"Oh, yes, she's here—" We heard this with a sigh of relief, for the report had gone abroad and reached us that she was taken to hospital, our informant adding dismally: "She didn't know where."

Now in a city like this, where there are maladies of every kind, alas! to which flesh is heir to, this last insinuation was, to say the least of it, cruel, almost brutal. It left us in a state of alarm, and at first uncertain whether or not to run the gauntlet of all the institutions wherein the disciples of Esculapius minister to suffering humanity, or else to look up our workwoman in her former domicile, which, happily, was her present one also. But this was not the only act of the Good Samaritan, as I shall call the Rubenesque matron. For in the next room to where we were seated a sensitive nose could perceive the genial odor of dinner. Our card being carried visibly before us to the utmost limit of the flat, a conversation was carried on for a few moments before we were finally ushered in.

Passing on our way through the *salle à manger*, which was inevitable, as there was no other way of reaching the goal, we saw a young man of about eighteen or twenty dining alone, and being cared for by the hostess.

Thinking, perhaps, he was a son of the house, and that they stood in the relation of mother and son to each other, we did not wonder at this; but later on, as we penetrated further and saw the matron's marriage certificate framed and glazed and bearing the recent date of twelve years ago, we found it would be impossible. He was another protegee, that was all.

We were now in presence of the invalid in a room, if such it can be called, where her head touched the side of the bed next the door, with her feet reaching to the window at the opposite side. Suffering she was, but hopeful, with the light of thirty-five summers in her bright eyes, but a frame literally worn out—"run down" she called it—on the debatable land between convalescence and relapse.

Our heart went out to her immediately. After a life of twenty years of arduous struggle, a daily battling to keep the wolf from the door, it seemed hard to be thus stranded, through no fault of her own, but simply stricken with illness, the result of overwork and over-anxiety. In a different walk of life how speedily would be her convalescence. What she wanted was to be lifted out of the present away to the Heights of Harlem, Long Island, Manhattan Beach or elsewhere, to breathe the ozone of the ocean breezes; our workwoman would return with renewed life, to ply her needle and thread with double skill.

But lacking the means, she lingers on, buoyed up with hope, and the cheering smile of the Good Samaritan. Even to lie there and rest is an unspeakable boon after the twelve hours a day sitting bolt upright, and bending over seam and gusset and band, band and gusset and seam. Her eyes glance heavenward, and

even in a flat an occasional glimmer of the blue ethereal heaven is sometimes visible. We took our leave, with regret, but promised to come again; and on our return the protegee had finished his dinner and was shining his boots in an admirable manner. There is a future before that young man and no mistake, and we hope he will reach the eminence his activity deserves.

There were only two other members of the family and denizens of the five-room flat whose acquaintance we failed to make. One was the man of the house: "My husband is at work," as the good lady explained to us, and "My daughter is at school," she added. We hope to meet all the members of the happy family another day.

"Johnnie" seemed determined to make a conquest that afternoon, for as we said good-bye at the outer door we could hear him still belaboring the boots.

Passing down to the river, some three or four blocks distant, many interesting scenes of child life met us at every turn. Reflections crowded thick and fast, and among them the problem of how we live now, and how long we can stand the strain at the present rate of high pressure. Are we as a people happier for all this rush and hurry, than our ancestors of a century ago? Richer we are, no doubt; but our wealth is purchased at an enormous sacrifice of life and health and strength.

Still, we are *fin de siècle* and up to date, and perhaps with the dawn of the next century all things will come right to those who know how to wait, and are not in the meantime swallowed up in the vortex of a daily life of labor.

JAPANESE LEGEND OF A TREE.

CENTURIES before Europeans knew of the existence of the Tree Camellia the Japanese had brought it to the highest possible state of cultivation.

The plant first entered Europe through Holland, having been carried to that country by enterprising and flower-loving Dutch traders who visited Japan early in 1600. It is a native of that enchanting island Empire of the Pacific. There it may still be seen in its native wildwood state, conspicuous in woodland solitudes for its graceful form, abundant dark glossy foliage thickly gemmed with bright crimson flowers. The blossom of the wild camellia tree is always single, and of a bright crimson color.

Before relating the very poetic legend concerning the origin of the present varieties of camellias, it will be well to notice something of the early Japanese history of their country. An old Shinto classic relates a marvelous tale of the manner in which the islands composing the ancient Land of Nippon came into existence.

"At first," he writes, "a time was when the whole of the earth was covered with a vast mass of salt waters; the first land that appeared was due to a violent agitation of water. Waves of immense size and various shapes resulted, covered with foam which was changed into solid ground by the will of the gods."

Of this consolidated sea-foam the narrator constructs his verdant valleys, gentle hills and grand mountains. Crested billows he converts into the forms of graceful beauty which now delight the eye that feasts upon the charming scenery of this group of lovely islands.

It is pleasant to follow the old poet's appreciative descriptions of beauty of natural scenery, in which he fairly revels; and his assertion that the Land of Nippon was especially favored of the gods seems but the natural sequence to his theory of the creation of his beautiful country. Nor does it seem strange that in the old Shinto—natural religion of Japan—the ancestry of the people should be traced in direct primogeniture to the gods.

In the sacred lore of the Shinto temples a period of time is recorded as the "God Period," when celestial visitants held frequent converse with their earthly descendants.

At the present time in many especially beautiful localities is pointed out to the foreign visitor, with real pride in the native guide, the "Mio-go-niche"—pathway of the gods. These "ways" appear to be disused avenues, shaded by magnificent old trees, now sometimes used for Matsuri-temple processions. For long distances the old avenues wind through groves and glades; distant mountain ranges losing themselves in bluish mists add beauty to the views. In charming valleys which they traverse are sparkling water-courses, and pretty cascades throwing up silvery spray enhance the rural loveliness. The delicate odor of sweet wild violets often betrays their hiding-places on the hillsides, and one is not astonished on being informed that in the

olden time, when gods and goddesses were wont to traverse and linger in these "Pathways," beautiful flowering trees and shrubs sprung quickly from the soil which the sacred feet had pressed.

According to the legend of the camellia, it was in these halcyon days that the beautiful tree first appeared, dressed in crimson and rich glossy green. A fair goddess had one day left her companions, in order to enjoy her own musings, and as she rested on a grassy bank she looked admiringly at the lovely tree which cast its refreshing shade over her; then arising, she gathered some of the crimson blossoms, and again reclining upon the shady bank, enjoyed a delicious repose. A passing breeze swept the tree, and a slight rustle of its leaves aroused the goddess, who then addressed it in the words which have been thus translated:

"One who gives blessing a blessing receives,
And, as I recline 'neath the shade of thy leaves,
With joy will I crown thee for what thou hast done.
In thy beauty and strength thou standest alone
'Midst the glorious trees, by the sun goddess blest;
Should I search for thy mate, 'twere a fruitless quest—
A new creation, pure as the lily's breath, thy bride,
All peerless in beauty, shall stand at thy side
To contrast thy bright bloom with the whiteness of snow
And return to thee double what thou didst bestow."

Then, as the voice ceased, lo! close beside the stately crimson camellia stood another tree of the same size and appearance, except that it was covered with snow-white blossoms. Delighted with the loveliness she had evoked, the goddess pronounced a prophecy, as follows, for the crimson and white camellia trees:

"To thy beauty no fading shall come,
but the smiles
Of long ages shall be thine through the whites.
Beloved of mortals, both old and young,
thou'lt ever be,
In the land of thy birth, and beyond the sea;
And, in countless hosts, will thy children display
The pre-eminent charms of their parents' array,
With all the fair tints, in beauty's soft light,
Which evolve from a mingling of crimson and white."

What a curious similarity is discovered in these old Japanese fables to those of the old Grecian classics, recorded centuries before Japan knew anything of the outside world, least of all of its literature.

In Anacreon's fable of the rose its creation is ascribed to Venus. Another later poet thus accounts for its lovely tints:

"As erst in Eden's blissful bowers
Young Eve surveyed her countless flowers
An opening rose of purest white
She marked with eye which beamed delight
Its leaves she kissed, and straight it drew
From beauty's lip the vermeil hue."

Again, the origin of the Moss Rose is accounted for by one of our poets in the pretty fable of which these are the opening lines:

"The Angel of the Flowers one day
Beneath a Rose Tree sleeping lay;
Awaking from his light repose
The Angel whispered to the Rose:

"For the sweet shade thou'st given to me
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."

In Grecian mythology the island of Cyprus is made to arise in all its beauty from the foam of the sea—the Mediterranean—just as the mythology of Japan made its islands arise from the foam of the Pacific Ocean! No one can accuse Japan of having committed plagiarism two thousand years ago!

The beautiful Japanese fable of the tree should surely have a place in artistic history for the moral it so clearly points, while Truth reveals the fact that since the "God Period"—dim now, through a long vista of centuries gone—the camellia has won high favor among mortals in many climes; but in no part of the wide world has this flowering tree attained to such unrivaled perfection of growth and blossom, exquisite blending and contrasting of tints, and also of rich fragrance, as in its own native land of the "Rising Sun."

It is not uncommon, in that land of flowers, to see a camellia tree forty or

fifty feet in height which has been carefully budded in harmonious shades, from deep, rich crimson, striped crimson and white, like the stripes of the American flag, to delicate pink and pure white; each branch bearing its distinct colors in luxuriantly double blossoms, the whole tree appearing as a huge bouquet.

As a hedge plant the camellia is also in that country carefully cultivated. Miles of high, impervious and perfectly kept camellia hedges line country paths, inclosing gardens and parks—protecting walls of living green that are ever perennial in strength and beauty of leaf and flower.

ECHOES OF THE OLD WORLD.

Now that the coronation of the Czar and Czarina is an accomplished fact one can breathe more freely, for there were not wanting dismal forebodings and prophets of evil who foretold many uncomfortable things for that especial ceremony.

But it's over and done and now a matter of ancient history. Of course at Windsor it was regarded as a family affair and looked forward to accordingly. Sir Edwin Arnold was present as the special correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*, to which, as you know, the author of "The Light of Asia" plays the role of editor-in-chief, though he styles himself "a poor journalist." He's often to be seen wending his way down the street christened Fleet about 3 P.M. of an afternoon. Here he remains in durance vile during the witching hours of midnight, his motto being "I won't go home till morning."

We may look for a coronation ode in English, but who will do it into Russian? Certainly not Count Tolstoi—he is too enraged at the Czar's manifesto, which, to his mind, promises nothing or next to nothing for the betterment of the masses, the teeming millions of the Czar's dominions. Nihilism is still as rampant as ever, and it is only by sheer force of arms and fear of punishment that the very semblance of peace is maintained. Underneath there is a seething volcano ready to burst forth at any moment. Of the two thousand victims who perished, or were more or less injured on the fatal Plain of Khodjinskoye, Moscow, the Czar has benevolently given to each bereaved family a doucouer of one thousand roubles, which will for a time mitigate the affliction of those families whose bread-winners have been taken away in the awful rush to the booths by the starving multitudes.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor is to be congratulated on his purchase of the late Earl Granville's mansion on Carlton House Terrace, unquestionably unique in its superb situation, so quiet and still amid all the surrounding bustle, a sort of oasis in the desert, and yet quite near every point of interest.

Mrs. Mackey, wife of the Bonanza King, and Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, now Lady William Beresford, also have town residences here. So it is quite as American almost as our own Fifth Avenue.

The Duke of York's Column prevents the rush of vehicles down to St. James's Park, Bird-Cage Walk and the Mall where so many congregate to see the debutantes and others on their way to Buckingham Palace to make their most graceful obeisance before her Majesty.

But it's slow work looking on, or even participating in the splendid scene—only happily it takes place in the early afternoon and there is ample time to enjoy the Drawing-Room Teas which so many patronize to show off their gowns to admiring friends, less fortunate than themselves, while awaiting the appointment at the photographer's to be taken in full Court train, feathers, lappets and ornaments, either by daylight or electric, according to taste. Though many prefer the incandescent rays of Edison, even to Nature's light, for the art photography, "Blest be the art that can immortalize."

A man is almost driven to be a statesman who lives on Carlton House Terrace, with Buckingham Palace, St. James's and all the clubs on one side; Whitehall, Downing Street, the Horseguards, the Admiralty Spring Gardens (the Parliament of the London County Council), and Westminster itself, with the Houses of Lords and Commons within such a short distance, a man's thoughts turn to statecraft. Marlborough House, in like manner, with its genial occupants, make this the choice quarter of London.

It is impossible to cross St. James's Park, with its lovely alleys, fountains and rivulets, and see Buckingham Palace peeping over the trees, without recalling the answer of a famous Cabinet Minister, who, when Queen Adelaide asked him how much it would cost to make St. James's a royal park inclosed, aptly replied: "Three crowns."

Mr. Astor is about to give a house warming—a ball—to which the whole world of London society is looking forward.

The Queen's well-known respect for the memory of the dead has again been voiced in a very impressive manner, with regard to the feelings of her lately widowed daughter, Princess Henry of Battenberg. By command of her Majesty, there will be no Royal Procession at Ascot this year, so the Lawn will be shorn of most of its splendor. More than this, the royal wedding in July of Princess Maud and Prince Charles will be, by the same orders, a very subdued affair. By the way, July is the favorite month for marriage in the Prince of Wales's family. It will be remembered the Duke and Duchess of Fife were married in July, 1889, Duke and Duchess of York July, 1893, and now Princess Maud and Prince Charles are to be united in July of this year of grace, 1896.

Speculation is rife as to the reason Lord Durham sold his fourteen collieries and nineteen steam barges, for one million sterling, to Sir James Joyce, M.P., and his company. His domestic life is a singularly unhappy one; his wife became insane soon after their marriage and is still so, and debarred from all society. She was the beautiful Miss Milner, granddaughter of the late Archbishop of Armagh. Her brother, when only twenty-five years of age, married the late Dowager Duchess of Montrose, the original for whom the play of "The Sporting Duchess" was written. She was well known on the Turf, by the familiar sobriquet of "Bob Montrose." She died a short time since.

Along the shores of the tideless Mediterranean a feeling of uneasiness still prevails; the rising at Crete and the massacre of more Christians by the Turks have had an alarming effect. The Sultan is a weak, nearly idiotic ruler, and a fanatic of the worst sort, and it is only a question of time—and that, let us hope, a very short one—when the followers of Mohammed will cease to have a foothold in Christian Europe. Constantinople, standing as it does on two continents, with the unrivaled scenery of the Bosphorus, should be, as Nature intended it, an earthly Paradise; not as it is now, where the best that can be said of it is that distance lends enchantment to the view.

The combined fleets of Uncle Sam and the European Powers, massed together at the Golden Horn, might wake up the Sultan to the necessity of reforms; but in a word he's a Turk, and as the old proverb says of his compatriots, "They never do to-day what can be put off till to-morrow, and if it can be transferred to eternity, well, so much the better it is so transferred."

IS JUSTICE BLIND?

A feeling exists among the enormous foreign population of this country, and more or less among the "lower" classes of Americans themselves, that the law is not impartially administered as between the rich and the poor.

If the daughter of a prominent public official in her hot-headed haste shoots and kills a poor boy, who, child-like, tries to steal a few apples from her orchard, she only has to submit to a few hours' imprisonment in the private apartments of the jailer by way of punishment. When a "lady" is caught shoplifting, her social standing is immediately taken as a proof that she is a kleptomaniac and not a common, ordinary thief. Thereupon prosecuting attorneys and judges, ashamed almost of having to inflict the indignity of appearance in a police court upon the culprit, hasten to secure her a speedy acquittal.

When a poor victim of the hard times, unable to obtain the scantiest employment by means of which he can provide for his little ones, steals a few cents' worth of food, he is promptly sent to prison so that the family may suffer still more undurably on account of his absence.

But mark the change when a man is accused of swindling his partners out of millions of dollars, or of "wickedly, unjustly or maliciously conducting his business." Does he go to prison? No. Sycophantic lawyers and judges are ready to find extenuating circumstances in his favor, and after thousands of dollars of the public money have been expended in his prosecution the dishonest stock magnate is allowed to go free on some legal technicality.

Two young women, daughters of a prominent business man in New York, were recently charged with grand larceny. They, or one of them, stole, it is said, the clothes and trinkets of other society people who were their neighbors. It is doubtful if any further proceedings

will be taken against these young ladies because they are "well connected." It seems, therefore, that the construction put upon such cases is that a person to be an actual criminal must be poor, and that if he or she belongs to the "better" classes their unlawful action must be due to a temporary aberration of mind.

This may be the psychological explanation of the matter, but it is not the one at which common, ordinary, everyday justice would arrive. A more natural construction to put upon such cases would be that the greed of possession increases with the amount of one's accumulations, particularly in cases where the methods used are more or less questionable, and that thieving is developed, like all other vices, from the cravings of an over-stimulated appetite. In a Republic like ours there should be the most thorough attempt made in every instance to secure an impartial administration of the law, because the very basis of individual liberty is involved in such decisions.

THE GRIEF OF ST. LOUIS.

The disaster caused by the tornado at St. Louis has been the universal theme in all parts of the United States, and even the world, for the past week. It was one of those periodic catastrophes for which our continent empire is unfortunately noted. Like the Johnstown flood and the Charleston earthquake, the St. Louis tragedy carried grief and desolation to hundreds of homes. The descriptions given by the daily press of the scenes at the Morgue have no parallel in all the range of realistic fiction. Grief there, freed from petty environments and stage trappings, was pictured in its elemental and fearful intensity. Mothers looking for their missing children, husbands for their wives, and near and dear of all kinds and classes seeking for the lost faces that could only again be seen in the ghastliness of the mortuary chamber. These things move the hearts of stoics and teach us with an awful solemnity how frail man is with all his powers of added wisdom and application against the fury of the elements. The messages of condolence received by the bereaved city from all quarters of the world also teach us how closely the interests and heartstrings of the human family are being knitted together.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

It seems to be an assured fact that Professor S. P. Langley of the Smithsonian Institute has solved the problem of aerodynamics, and that navigable airships are now within the range of practicability.

It will perhaps be many years before the knowledge which the Professor has gained will be capable of such application as to make it commercially valuable, although, once having solved the problem which has been the puzzle of scientists for ages, there should be no great delay in applying the knowledge. Professor Alexander Graham Bell, who has studied the question pretty deeply himself, asserts that Professor Langley has positively succeeded in discovering the law which allows bodies of much greater density than air to float upon it.

In pursuing his investigations Professor Langley has worked in an opposite direction to that pursued by all previous inventors in this line. The old idea of a successful flying machine was something that should be lighter than the air itself and based upon the balloon principle. The daring character of Professor Langley's experiments may be understood from the fact that the experimental "flyer" which he has built is a compact steel machine measuring fourteen feet across and weighing twenty-four pounds. This is, of course, a mere toy; but it has served to demonstrate the truth of Langley's theories. The machine, compared with the air, has a weight of one thousand to one, and experiments show that by an expenditure of one horse-power in horizontal flight it will support a weight of two hundred pounds and carry it at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

This power in proportion to weight can be furnished by steam engines already in use, but the possibilities of a motive force being obtained from other sources which may be produced with a much lower proportion of weight are so strong that we can expect to find a much better means than steam at the inventor's disposal when needed.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

The Protestant Episcopal Church has organized its city mission converts into an institution similar to the Salvation Army. Colonel H. H. Hadley, who has been a most devoted worker in this lowly field of church service, naturally takes command of the new battalions. The organization is formed upon a distinctly military basis, and several companies have already been formed in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Brooklyn.

There is no limit to the field for such enterprises in this country, but it is difficult to see why the church should want to make soldiers of its missionaries and thus lend its approbation to militarism. Is there so much potency in a brass band or a uniform that the cause of true religion is better served by the inspiration, or is this simply another means of perpetuating the shell in place of developing the kernel? While there are numbers of persons attracted by this outward paraphernalia, there is a large element which prefers the more quiet and unobtrusive way of seeking salvation for themselves and others. The work of the new organization will nevertheless be the best test of all criticism, and to the United States Church Army a cordial greeting is offered with the hope that it will grow to be worthy of the vast field which it has every opportunity to fill.

IS ZOLA THE WORST?

M. Zola has once more been refused admission to the charmed circle of the Immortals. The distinguished French author is not excluded from this coveted honor because the quality of his work is not high enough, but because he is supposed to have outraged decency in his efforts to picture life among the vicious classes. While Zola's fitness for the honor is a question that may well rest with his peers, it is too often forgotten that a class of literature exists which is far more disgusting and dangerous than actual photographs of debauchery. It is the story that makes heroes or heroines of weak-minded men and women, which throws a glamour of romance over the guilty amour, and arouses sympathy for the violator of marriage vows that is pernicious to morals. These *ignis fatua* of fiction, which may be found on almost every drawing-room table, are far more dangerous than all the bestiality of Zola—and there are men already among the Immortals who have produced them by the dozen.

TWO UNIQUE FIGURES.

By the deaths of Mark M. Pomeroy and Kate Field, recorded last week, two unique figures are removed from the field of American journalism.

Both of these persons were more or less eccentric and kept before the public eye for so many years by a series of schemes calculated to attract public attention. While both were bright and forceful characters, with a talent for able writing, and were well stocked with original ideas, neither leaves any lasting proof of literary ability.

Financially both Miss Field and "Brick" Pomeroy made a success of journalism, and there was a time when wealth rolled into the pockets of both; but it was all dissipated in the less profitable ventures that they subsequently undertook.

Mr. Pomeroy died after a lengthy illness at his home in Brooklyn and Kate Field at a hotel in Honolulu, where she had gone with the hope of building up her health which had been steadily declining during the past few years.

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if they would not rather have their old Christmas friend in magazine form than any other publication. When it came but once a year it cost a dollar and a quarter. It was cheap at that. Now it brings Santa Claus twelve times a year and costs but fifty cents. That isn't much to spend for the babies and the big children combined. You were once a child yourself.

In the April Number were

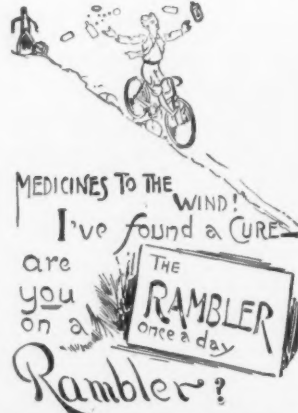
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